

TRUE  
BOOK  
BONUS:

# THE WILD CREW OF THE COMBAT SHIP FIDELITY

(INCLUDING THE CAPTAIN'S MISTRESS WHO DOUBLED AS MATE)

IND.

# MEN

25¢ TRUE ADVENTURE AUG.

THE KING WHO  
COLLECTS WOMEN

*James Fackner:  
YANKEE HEAD-HUNTER  
of LOST RIVER*



Are **YOU**  
**SKINNY**  
like I was?

a 90 lb.  
weakling  
who became  
world's  
strongest  
man



George  
Jowett  
Champion  
of  
Champions  
World's  
Greatest  
Builder  
of  
Champions  
and REAL  
HE-MEN  
out of  
SKINNY  
and FLABBY  
weaklings

Just RUSH me your LAST CHANCE COUPON below with YOUR NAME and ADDRESS ON IT  
and I'll show **YOU** absolutely **FREE**

## How to GAIN UP TO 50 LBS. OF MIGHTY MUSCLES!

And Become a REAL HE-MAN like MANY THOUSANDS of My Pupils in 10 Minutes of FUN a Day

Yes! I'll Show You By My Quick,  
Easy Methods How To

**ADD POWERFUL NEW  
INCHES OF MUSCLES  
around YOUR ARMS,  
CHEST, LEGS, etc.**

**How to IMPROVE YOUR  
HE-MAN LOOKS 100%.**

**How to BECOME A WINNING ATHLETE  
IN ALL POPULAR SPORTS.**

**How to BEAT ANY BULLY.**

**How to DO FEATS of STRENGTH.**

**How to be a WINNER in EVERYTHING  
YOU TACKLE.**

**YES!** Your Success Story Can Soon be like John Sill and thousands of my pupils. Think of it — a skinny weakling like you became a MAGNIFICENT MR. MUSCLES — won a BIG SILVER TROPHY, his name, accomplishments engraved on it and \$100. A few weeks before, everybody picked on John, too weak to fight for his rights. TODAY everybody admires John's movie star build, he-man STRENGTH, his mighty ARMS, heroic CHEST, slender WAIST, rock-like TORSO, broad manly BACK, wide military SHOULDERS, new popularity with the BOYS and GIRLS. His winning drive in ALL SPORTS, his energy at work and studies.

**NO!** I don't care how skinny or flabby you are, if you are in your teens, twenties or thirties, I'll show you in just 10 thrilling minutes a day in your home, you can make yourself over by the easy, quick method I turned myself from a wreck to a WORLD CHAMPION.

**YES!** YOU'LL ADD INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLES to YOUR ARMS, YOU'LL DEEPEN YOUR CHEST, BROADEN YOUR BACK and SHOULDERS. From HEAD to HEELS you'll gain SIZE, POWER, LIGHTNING SPEED, ENDURANCE. You'll become the SUCCESSFUL HE-MAN IN LOOKS and ACTS — a WINNER in EVERYTHING, athletics, business, studies.

**DEVELOP YOUR 520 MUSCLES  
BY THE GREATEST METHOD!**

Friend, I traveled the world, studying every secret to PERFECTLY develop your body. My "5-Way Progressive Power Method" is TESTED-PROVED by hundreds of thousands LIKE YOU! SAVE YEARS, hundreds of DOLLARS! Do as movie stars, champions — John Sill, Jim Norman, Tony Pascarella — did! Mail coupon NOW!

**Pick the  
kind of  
BODY YOU  
WANT**  
Check ALL Your  
Needs —

WIN  
A BIG  
*Silver Trophy*  
and \$100  
IN CASH



**MAIL THE COUPON TO ME NOW**  
**and I'll Send You FREE these**

**5 AMAZING PICTURE-PACKED COURSES**

**PLUS BOOK OF PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG  
MEN ONCE WEAK LIKE YOU**



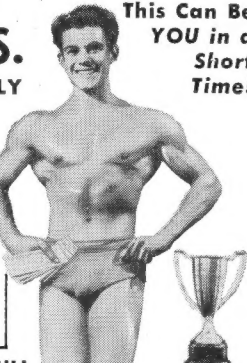
Formerly \$5.00 each. MILLIONS were sold at \$1.00. Send for them ALL FREE. Mail Coupon BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE and you have to pay \$1.00 or \$5.00.

**I GAINED  
60 LBS.  
OF SHAPELY  
MIGHTY  
MUSCLES**

**This Can Be  
YOU in a  
Short  
Time!**

**BEFORE**

Mailing  
Coupon  
I was a  
125 lb.  
6 ft.  
skinny  
weakling



**AFTER**

I added 7 inches to MY CHEST, 3½ INCHES to EACH ARM. No, Pal! You don't have to be a chicken-chested skinny weakling like I was only a few weeks ago.

Mailing  
Coupon  
185 lb.  
HEAD-TO-TOE HE-MAN  
POPULAR  
ATHLETE  
You can  
be, too!

says **JOHN SILL**

**THEY CALLED ME  
"SKINNY" —  
BUT NOW  
THEY CALL ME  
MR. MUSCLES**

**TONY PASCARELLA**

**BEFORE**



**AFTER**

Thanks to Jowett easy methods I GAINED 28 LBS. of MUSCLE - PACKED STRENGTH ALL OVER. I won new handsome looks—great athletic ability. Now You do it!

**I BROKE A  
WORLD'S  
STRENGTH  
RECORD!**

**BEFORE**



**AFTER**

**JIM NORMAN** became Athlete of the Year. Lifted the front end of a 2700 lb. Car. Quit being a bag-of-bones weakling like I was. In 10 minutes of fun a day, JOWETT CAN DO FOR YOU ALL HE DID FOR ME! I gained 25 TERRIFIC LBS. of HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES.

mailing  
coupon  
below—  
like  
you do  
NOW.

JOWETT Institute of Physical Training, Dept. MN-88, 220 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Dear George: I'm checking everything I need to give me the kind of body

I want: ☐ I want to gain ..... lbs. (fill in).

☐ I want to add inches of muscle to my ☐ Arms ☐ Chest ☐ Legs ☐ Shoulders  
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☐ I want to streamline my body, get rid of flabby fat.

Also please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses, now all in 1 volume. ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

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Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

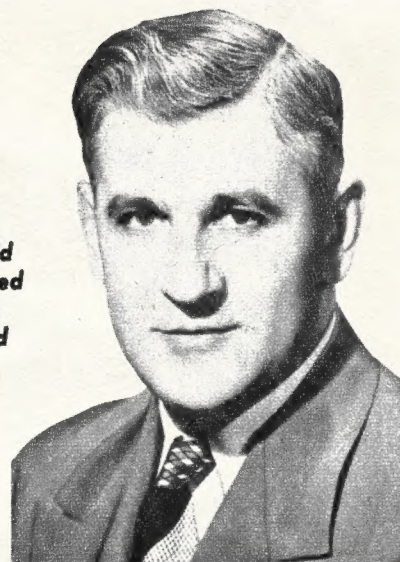
# THIS FREE SAMPLE LESSON

will prove that you can become an expert

## ACCOUNTANT...AUDITOR

## OR CPA

This well-paid  
LaSalle-trained  
Accountant's  
success could be  
yours.



### FREE SAMPLE LESSON

We offer you this free sample lesson so that you can prove to yourself that you CAN master Accounting—quickly, thoroughly—in spare time at home.

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QUOTING from the "Journal of Accountancy," the authoritative organ of the professional accountants of the United States:  
"the accounting profession is probably the best in the world. If there be a profession in which compensation is higher, it is not known."  
"There is ample opportunity for advancement. There is no prospect of being overtaken by the demand within the industry."  
"There is need for accountants. There is ample opportunity for advancement. There is no prospect of being overtaken by the demand within the industry."

THIS SAME LESSON HAS STARTED HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS toward well-paid accounting careers—in business, government, and public practice as CPAs. Even without previous knowledge, progress is rapid—earning power climbs fast. This sample lesson will show you why.

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know a debit from a credit. Whether you wish to qualify as an expert accountant, advanced accountant, cost accountant, auditor, government accountant, income tax specialist, or public accountant...you'll find in LaSalle's Problem Method the exact plan to prepare you rapidly and inexpensively—in spare hours at home—without losing a day from your present job.

So right now, today...if you are an adult, employed, and earnestly ambitious for rapid advancement in one of the highest paying fields of business...send your name and address on the coupon below. We'll send you the free sample lesson—plus our illustrated book outlining today's career opportunities and how you can qualify for them. A coupon like this has started many thousands toward greater success. It can do the same for you. Mail it today!

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YES, I want to see how LaSalle's "Problem Method" works... Send me free sample lesson—also your book, "Opportunities in Accounting"...without cost or obligation.

Name.....Age.....

Street Address.....

City, Zone & State.....



One out of  
every 13 of all  
CPAs in the U.S.  
has been trained  
by the LaSalle  
Problem  
Method

### GOOD-PAY JOBS IN SEVERAL BIG FIELDS

If you were an expert accountant right now, chances are you would find yourself in one of the best paid fields of business.

There are several big fields of opportunity open to men and women trained in accounting...opportunities that are wide open and highly inviting, offering maximum income and job security in good times or bad. And under LaSalle's "Problem Method" you can start earning while still learning—either in spare-time or full-time employment...or in business for yourself with no capital required.

Get the latest information by sending for our illustrated booklet, "Opportunities in Accounting"—plus free sample lesson. The coupon at right will bring both to you without cost or obligation. LaSalle Extension University, 417 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Illinois.

# Men

TRUE ADVENTURE

## TRUE

- James Fackner: Yankee Head-hunter of Lost River . . . Paul G. Bracey 16**  
With one stupid act he set off South America's weirdest manhunt.
- The King Who Collects Women . . . . . Nino Lo Bello 18**  
The shocking story of the Continent's royal playboy.
- Dumbo John's Double Rescue . . . . . Gene Channing 22**  
While they grappled for survivors, 2 Jap warships were looking down their throats.
- Wanted for Cannibalism:  
The Monster of Düsseldorf . . . . . Philip Ledward 24**  
His first killing was at the age of 9—and from then on, until the day he died, no one in Germany was safe.
- Dead Man's Posse . . . . . Russ Leadabrand and Bill Robertson 30**  
For 10 years every bounty hunter in the West was after them—but you don't collect while facing 4 deadly Colts.
- Beheading in Siam . . . . . Gerald Sparrow 36**  
An eyewitness account of the world's most savage execution.

## OFF TRAIL

- Females From Inkland . . . . . 28**
- A Girl For Peter Basch . . . . . 32**

## FICTION

- Kid With The Golden Touch . . . . . John D. MacDonald 38**  
I can pick the spots off any sharpie in the business, but this kid had me guessing—until I met his woman.

## DEPARTMENTS

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- Men and Medicine . . . . . Ken Armstrong 8**
- The Laughing Place . . . . . 11**
- Calling All Men . . . . . 80**

## TRUE BOOK BONUS

- The Wild Crew of the Combat Ship Fidelity . . . . . Marcel Julian 12**  
On the craziest Allied ship afloat, the captain's mistress doubled as first mate.

AUGUST, 1958

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# Don't Spend Your Life on the Sidelines

...WATCHING BIG BRAUNY HE-MAN GRAB THE MOST ATTENTION, THE BEST JOBS, THE PRETTIEST GIRLS!

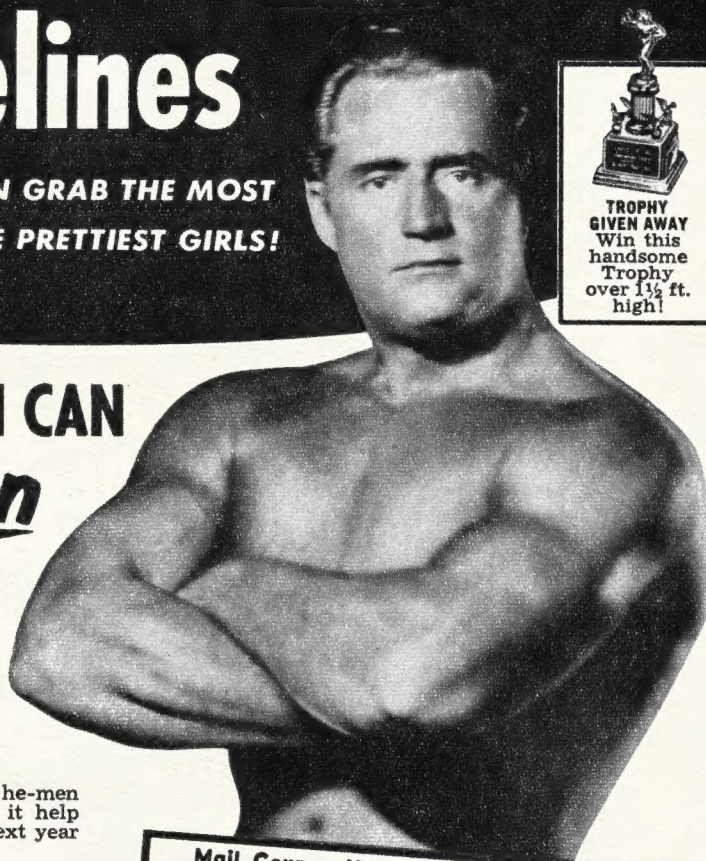


**TROPHY GIVEN AWAY**  
Win this handsome Trophy over 1½ ft. high!

## PROVE TO YOURSELF THAT I CAN MAKE YOU A *Real Man*

...The Same NATURAL Way I Changed Myself from a 97-pound Weakling into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

*Charles Atlas*



ARE you "fed up" with seeing the huskies walk off with the best of everything? Sick and tired of being soft, frail, skinny or flabby—only **HALF ALIVE**? I know just how you feel. Because I myself was once a puny 97-pound "runt." And I was so ashamed of my scrawny frame that I dreaded being seen in a swim suit!

### The Secret of How I Got My Build

Then I discovered a wonderful way to develop my body fast. It worked wonders for me—changed me from the scrawny "runt" I was at 17, into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And I can build up YOUR body the very same natural way—without weights, springs or pulleys. Takes only 15 minutes a day of pleasant practice, right in the privacy of your room.

My "Dynamic Tension" method has already helped thousands of

other fellows become real he-men in double-quick time. Let it help YOU. Not next month or next year—but Right NOW!

### My Amazing "Dynamic Tension" Method Builds "Hard-As-Nails" Muscles FAST!

If you're like I was, you want a powerful, muscular, well-proportioned build you can be proud of any time, anywhere. You want the "Greek-God" type of physique that women rave about at the beach—the kind that makes all the other fellows turn green with envy.

I'll give you arms with bulging biceps. Fists that can deliver knock-out punches. A chest that will pop the buttons off your shirts. I'll build up your shoulder and back muscles. Taper you down at the waist and give you layers of hard stomach muscles with spring-steel toughness.

### Mail Coupon Now for My FREE BOOK

Mailing the coupon below can be the turning point in your life. I'll send you a FREE copy of my book "How Dynamic Tension Makes You a NEW MAN." Tells how and why my method works; shows many pictures proving what it has done for others. Don't delay. Clip that coupon NOW. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 1748, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.**



### This Is the Kind of Bodies I Build with "Dynamic Tension"!



#### Fast Results

"Five inches of new muscle—that is what you have done for me—and in almost no time."  
—C.W., W. Va.



#### Gained 29 Pounds

"When I started your course I weighed only 141 pounds. Now weigh 170 pounds."  
—T.K., New York

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 1748**  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:  
(Check as many as you like)

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Broader Chest and Shoulders | <input type="checkbox"/> More Energy and Stamina               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Live Stomach Muscles        | <input type="checkbox"/> More Magnetic Personality             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Tireless Legs               | <input type="checkbox"/> More Weight—Solid—in the Right Places |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Slimmer Waist and Hips      |  |

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic Tension" can make me a new man. 32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. This does not obligate me in any way.

NAME.....AGE.....  
(please print or write plainly)

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

A Confidential  
Memo  
for Men

# MEN'S NEWSLETTER



**ODD NUMBERS**



**PAY WINDOW**

## ODD NUMBERS

Now that brothels are against the law in Japan, a great many of the love houses have set up shop in butcher stores with coy signs that say, "meat in front, more meat in back." . . . NEW JERSEY THEATERS have installed "love-it-up" seats to help business; they're double seats in darkest part of the theater—with no separation arm . . .

A poll of college girls shows the interesting fact that it's the girls' steady dates who make most of the "surprise sex attacks" and not the "new acquaintances" and blind dates . . .

Frauleins of St. Pauli district in Germany get around the "You-Must-Wear-A-G-String" ordinance by wearing ones made of cellophane . . .

NEW ZEALAND MAIDENS ARE THE LATEST TO GO WILD OVER GI'S. Flocks of them skipping off to the hills—and some to the altar—with U. S. Navy men serving with support force in the Antarctic . . . All eldest sons in the Sudan ARE NAMED CUCKOO . . . One of the Miami Beach hotels has hired a marriage counselor to whom honeymooning guests can go for advice . . . FEMALE COPS BEING USED MORE AND MORE to sit in theatres as "bait" for vicious movie theatre sex maniacs . . . The scorpion stands on his head for an hour BEFORE MAKING LOVE TO THE FEMALE SCORPION . . . In Sweden's nightclubs, women are allowed only one half as much booze as men . . .

## PAY WINDOW

Big rush on for police jobs—especially in cities like St. Louis where you can RETIRE ON A HEFTY PENSION AT THE END OF 20 YEARS . . . Business with one of the smallest investments necessary and the highest chance of survival is the neighborhood dry-cleaning establishment . . . GUYS WITH ELECTRONICS TALENT THE TARGET OF THE BIGGEST TALENT HUNT IN JOB HISTORY. Especially since most of the big defense contracts granted recently were in electronics . . . Careful of that attache case "accidentally" left in your shop or office by guy from competing firm.

continued on page 40

# HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BREAK INTO ENGINEERING STARTING NEXT MONTH?

Your start in Engineering could mean higher pay, more interesting work, a real chance for advancement. Here's how to do it—fast!

A career in Engineering may be closer than you think, whatever your age or education or present job.

You know about the tremendous demand for engineers and technicians. But do you know how easy it is to get the training that will qualify you for this vital work, and how quickly you can advance?

## First Step Wins Job Consideration

The moment you enroll for a course in Engineering you're in a position to change your job. I.C.S. Engineering Courses, for example, start you off with Basic Mathematics and Drafting. Most employers are quick to accept men who start technical training.

## Your Advancement Is Rapid

Your interest, your determination, your willingness to spend free hours improving your-

self all work in your favor. But your mastery of engineering subjects is what wins you the biggest boosts.

The I. C. S. method makes it possible for you to learn while you earn, to qualify yourself for upgrading step by step—from Draftsman to Detail Designer to Engineering Technician to full-fledged Engineer. It's a plan fitted to your needs, with personalized instruction and guidance, and, if you like, regular progress reports to your employer.

## Mail Coupon for Free Books

If you are seriously interested in a fresh start in an opportunity-packed field, then mark and mail the coupon today. We'll send you *three* free books—(1) the 36-page career guide "How to Succeed," (2) Opportunity outlooks in your field of interest, (3) sample lesson (Math) demonstrating I. C. S. method.

For Real Job Security—Get an I. C. S. Diploma! I. C. S., Scranton 15, Penna. Accredited Member, National Home Study Council

## INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS



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(Partial list of 257 courses)

Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW to SUCCEED" and the opportunity booklet about the field BEFORE which I have marked X (plus sample lesson):

### ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING CONSTRUCTION

- ☐ Air Conditioning
- ☐ Architecture
- ☐ Arch. Drawing and Designing
- ☐ Building Contractor
- ☐ Building Estimator
- ☐ Carpentry and Millwork
- ☐ Carpenter Foreman
- ☐ Heating
- ☐ Interior Decoration
- ☐ Painting Contractor
- ☐ Plumbing
- ☐ Reading Arch. Blueprints

### ART

- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Magazine & Book Illus.
- ☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering
- ☐ Sketching and Painting

### AUTOMOTIVE

- ☐ Automobiles
- ☐ Auto Body Rebuilding and Refinishing
- ☐ Auto Engine Tuneup
- ☐ Auto Technician

### AVIATION

- ☐ Aero-Engineering Technology
- ☐ Aircraft & Engine Mechanic

### BUSINESS

- ☐ Accounting
- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Business Administration
- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ Creative Salesmanship
- ☐ Managing a Small Business
- ☐ Professional Secretary
- ☐ Public Accounting
- ☐ Purchasing Agent
- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Salesmanship and Management
- ☐ Traffic Management

### CHEMICAL

- ☐ Analytical Chemistry
- ☐ Chemical Engineering
- ☐ Chem. Lab. Technician
- ☐ Elements of Nuclear Energy
- ☐ General Chemistry
- ☐ Natural Gas Prod. and Trans.
- ☐ Petroleum Prod. and Engr.
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Chem)
- ☐ Pulp and Paper Making

### CIVIL ENGINEERING

- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Construction Engineering
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Civil)
- ☐ Reading Struc. Blueprints
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping

### DRAFTING

- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
- ☐ Architectural Drafting
- ☐ Drafting Machine Design
- ☐ Electrical Drafting
- ☐ Mechanical Drafting
- ☐ Sheet Metal Drafting
- ☐ Structural Drafting

### ELECTRICAL

- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Elec. Engr. Technician
- ☐ Elec. Light and Power
- ☐ Practical Electrician
- ☐ Practical Lineman
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Elec)

### HIGH SCHOOL

- ☐ High School Diploma

- ☐ Good English
- ☐ High School Mathematics
- ☐ Short Story Writing

### LEADERSHIP

- ☐ Industrial Foremanship
- ☐ Industrial Supervision
- ☐ Personnel-Labor Relations
- ☐ Supervision

### MECHANICAL and SHOP

- ☐ Diesel Engines
- ☐ Gas-Elec. Welding
- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Industrial Instrumentation
- ☐ Industrial Metallurgy
- ☐ Industrial Safety
- ☐ Machine Design
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Mech)
- ☐ Quality Control
- ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
- ☐ Refrigeration and Air Conditioning
- ☐ Tool Design
- ☐ Tool Making

### RADIO, TELEVISION

- ☐ General Electronics Tech.

- ☐ Industrial Electronics
- ☐ Practical Radio-TV Eng'r'g
- ☐ Practical Telephony
- ☐ Radio-TV Servicing

### RAILROAD

- ☐ Car Inspector and Air Brake
- ☐ Diesel Electrician
- ☐ Diesel Engr. and Fireman
- ☐ Diesel Locomotive

### STEAM and DIESEL POWER

- ☐ Combustion Engineering
- ☐ Power Plant Engineer
- ☐ Stationary Diesel Engr.
- ☐ Stationary Fireman

### TEXTILE

- ☐ Carding and Spinning
- ☐ Cotton Manufacture
- ☐ Cotton Warping and Weaving
- ☐ Loom Fixing Technician
- ☐ Textile Designing
- ☐ Textile Finishing & Dyeing
- ☐ Throwing
- ☐ Warping and Weaving
- ☐ Worsted Manufacturing

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Occupation \_\_\_\_\_ Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada. . . . Special tuition rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces.

by Ken Armstrong

# MEN and MEDICINE



**ANTI-ACHE SHOTS**—One of the toughest jobs any athletic team's doctor has is to keep the men going despite their chronic aches and pains. The physician handling the University of Washington's



letter men has been having sensational results with the deep injection into injured muscles of hydrocortisone. Used alone, or in combination with other drugs, it has proven extremely effective in treating Charley horses, split hip muscles, pulled hamstring muscles, "shin splints," and bursitis. The big advantage of hydrocortisone is that it permits the athlete to go back to full-time duty within days—instead of the weeks it took with the old fashioned heat-massage-and-graduated-exercise routine.

**PASS THE BOURBON, DOC**—it took the medical profession an awfully long time to come right out and say what we've all known for hundreds of years—that the first thing to reach for when a cold hits is a bottle of liquor. Instead of cooking up all kinds of excuses, it is now socially permissible to belt the bottle at the first sneeze. Dr. Noah D. Fabricant puts it this way: "While consumption of alcohol is obviously not a cure for the common cold, its beneficial role in some persons can neither be minimized nor dismissed." While alcohol has always been known to increase blood circulation, provide warmth, induce drowsiness and the desire to rest, it works in still another way to combat a cold in its early stages. A cold usually is preceded by a lowering of body temperature in the nasal passages and a constriction of the blood vessels in the nose. When the passages dry up, their defenses against a cold are weakened, paving

ing the way for infection. The best way to strike back is to restore the nasal passages to their normal condition. This can be done by raising the temperature of the membranes of the nose: Which is exactly what whisky does. Maybe the reason why people who drink usually have a glow about their noses is the fact that the temperature in the nasal passages can be raised within 30 minutes of taking a drink.

## THE SOUND OF BROKEN BONES—

Fractures of the thigh bone can now be quickly diagnosed at the scene of an accident without going through an X-ray series. Because any break will interfere with the transmission of sound in the long bony structure, all a doctor has to do is tap the kneecap with his finger while he listens in with his stethoscope.



Comparing the sound to that which the uninjured leg gives off is a simple matter for a man who is trained to detect skips in the beat of a heart. Once the cast is applied, the healing process can be checked in the same manner during all stages of convalescence.

## AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. BACK-

**TALK**—Jumping into the smoking vs. cancer slugfest, the Southern Medical Association announced the results of a study conducted on employees of the American Tobacco Co. According to the report handed the association, 11,000 employees of the tobacco company who were checked smoke twice as many cigarettes as the general population—yet show no more than the average amount of cancer or heart disease.

## ASTHMATIC DUST COLLECTORS—

If you suffer from asthma, dust is your worst enemy. To live with the disease, here is what you must toss out of your house: feathers, cotton, wool, kapok, animal hairs, books, plants, bedspreads, draperies, carpeting, unused luggage, old shoes, dogs and cats. Some substitutes for what you'll have to get rid of are foam rubber cushions and pillows, and blinds that can be cleaned easily.

## DON'T GET SKINNED OUT OF

**FOOD**—Chances are that what you do or don't eat won't have the slightest effect if you suffer from a common skin disorder. Dermatologists now feel that dietary factors are greatly overrated, especially in connection with acne and psoriasis. Over-eating, obesity and excessive sweating are far more significant in aggravating skin conditions. Another formerly accepted theory that seems to have gone down the drain is the use of Vitamin A for treating a wide variety of skin disturbances. Doctors now feel the vitamin has unquestionable value in only two rare skin diseases.

## ROCK-AND-ROLL TRUCK DRIVERS

—A man's legs and feet act as excellent shock absorbers. For this reason truck drivers, who spend most of their working days off their feet, often wind up with one or more of the following ailments: impaired vision, balance and reaction time.



The constant jarring, without the saving springing action provided by their legs, leaves them wide open to vibration-produced injuries.



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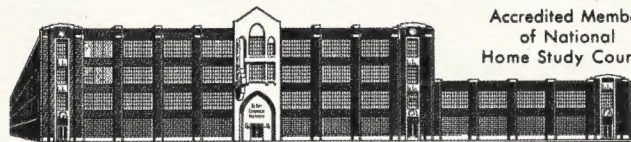
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# the laughing place



"Hey there—you with the stars in your eyes . . ."

Two London shop girls were enjoying a bit of friendly gossip.

"And did you hear about Daisy getting married?" asked one.

"Married!" the other exclaimed. "Why I didn't even know she was pregnant!"

"Oh, she's not pregnant."

"Wot, getting married and not pregnant? Coo, wot class!"

A man living in a housing project where all the houses looked alike, would sometimes get drunk and try to get into the wrong house. A friend suggested that if he put a red lantern on his front porch every time he went out he wouldn't have any trouble finding the house when he came home.

The man gave it a try and the next night, after a big drunk, found his house again without any difficulty. He picked up the lantern and went into the house, looked around and said, "Yup, this is my house all right." Then he went upstairs and looked around. "Yup," he said. "There's my wife in bed, and there I am in bed with her. But who is this son-of-a-gun holding a red lantern?"

The visiting girlfriend from the city was trying to make an impression on her wealthy farmer boyfriend. Early one morning he found her out in the barn with the livestock.

"Hello, dear," she said. "Aren't you surprised to find me out here so early milking this creature?"

"Yes," the boyfriend replied. "But not nearly so surprised as that poor bull you've got there."

"Dear Jenny," wrote the young man. "Excuse me, but I am getting very forgetful. I remember asking you something last night but I forgot whether you said yes or no."

"Dear Henry," she replied by letter. "Was glad to hear from you. I remember saying no to some one last night, but I had forgotten who it was."

Dick: "What a nightmare I had last night. I was alone with a thousand pretty girls."

Tom: "What's so bad about that?"

Dick: "I dreamt I was a girl too."

"Come, come," the psychiatrist said to his tearful patient. "You must cheer up. Be happy."

"Be happy you say," she answered. "Twelve children I've borne that husband of mine, and he doesn't love me. What have I to be happy about?"

"Well," answered the psychiatrist, "Imagine if he did love you."

The elevator was tightly jammed when a girl's voice said angrily, "Take your hands off me, you louse! No, not you—YOU!"



"Where do I report a general?"

Think you can tickle the editors' sense of humor? It's worth a fresh five-spot if you can. Send your favorite gags to MEN, 655 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. No limit on the number of submissions, but sorry, no returns, either.

When Barclay casually stepped out of the pool, everyone turned and stared. There was no more training that day.

Art by Al Rossi



# The WILD CREW of the COMBAT SHIP FIDELITY

by Marcel Julian

It was the only Allied ship whose sailors knew nothing about the sea, and the only ship afloat whose captain's mistress served as his lieutenant.

THE first time Soigne saw *Le Rhône* outlined against the Gibraltar sky, she seemed to him like a dream ship. She was painted in light colors, tricolour fluttered proudly at her masthead and the well-polished brass gleamed in the sun.

Soigne thought he must be seeing things when he saw the girl. She was ensconced in a wicker chair which she balanced on its back legs, her ankles resting on the rail. Clad in shorts and a white shirt, she was blonde, leggy and beautiful. Standing next to her was the captain, dressed in white from head to foot. (Continued on page 14)



Condensed from H.M.S. Fidelity by Marcel Julien, copyright 1957 by Marcel Julien, published by W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 1958.

TRUE BOOK BONUS



Every day the members of the crew were sent to British Commando School for instructions in advanced tactics.



Part of the rugged training consisted of swimming underwater for very long distances to ships riding at anchor.

Soigne caught hold of the manrope and began to climb up the gangway. At the top he thought he would be welcomed by the captain, but a small sunburned lieutenant came toward him.

"I'm Lieutenant Costa, welcome to my ship."

Chewing on his pipe, the captain remained in the background, showing no surprise at his subordinate's behavior.

Costa introduced the captain, "Commandant Passementton," and gave an order to the old sailor. "Uncle, look after these gentlemen."

Soigne looked around for the female passenger. She had disappeared.

Soigne and his companions were Belgian officers who had left their country and their army after the collapse of May, 1940. They had taken the first transportation available and soon found themselves stranded in Gibraltar. The captain of *Le Rhône* had offered to take them back to England where they planned to join the Free French.

A sailor led them to their quarters where they cleaned up and shaved. After getting themselves settled, the Belgians tried to sum up the situation.

The attitude of the crew seemed strange. From time to time in the corridors they met small excited groups of sailors who fell silent at their approach. On the foc'sle, a hexagonal platform carried two twin ack-ack guns, an unusual feature on a merchant ship.

And the Belgians wondered what roles were played by the strange lieutenant who gave orders to the captain and the fair-haired girl who had been tanning her limbs in the midday sun. . . .

When the whole team came on deck about six o'clock that evening, the waters of the roadstead were glittering. The heat was intense and the advertisements for English beer, visible in the distance on the yellow houses, only aggravated the Belgians' thirst. Costa addressed them:

"Gentlemen," he said, "if you will join me in the mess room we'll have a drink. And then we'll have a meal."

The mess room was panelled in light wood with a horseshoe-shaped table. The table was laid—white cloth, glasses, bottles of aperitif fresh from the ice box. As soon as they were all present, Costa motioned them to be silent and pointing to the woman passenger at his side, said:

"Gentlemen, may I present Mlle. Madeleine Guesclin who does us the honor of living aboard."

The lieutenant presided, with the captain on his left and the young woman on his right. Madeleine Guesclin had not batted an eyelid when all the men's eyes were turned on her. She was obviously used to living among men and her behavior was free and easy. She was not pretty but her face, and in particular her eyes, could not fail to arouse interest. Two officers completed the ship's staff.

A little copper plaque was screwed into the panelling behind the captain's head. A sunbeam fell on it and made it gleam lightly. This plaque caught the visitor's eyes; it bore merely a date and a name: *10th May 1940—Las Palmas*.

What could the *Le Rhône* have been doing six weeks ago in the Canaries?

"Gentlemen," said Costa raising his glass, "you must not imagine it was in the name of Franco-Belgian fra-

ternity alone that I have welcomed you in my ship. Actually, I need you. The *Le Rhône* has been in port since the 20th of June, and since that date I have been going on board the ships which come alongside in search of volunteers. I am at Gibraltar today in order to play my part in this war. You, on the other hand, have just arrived from Belgium from which the Boches have thrown you out; we should get along well together."

The Belgians wondered what was expected of them. Soigne, seated next to Marais, the chief engineer, pointed to the copper plaque. "What does that represent?" he asked.

"Oh that?" replied the other. "You'd better ask Costa."

Costa again. It seemed as though the lieutenant was in complete command. At the moment he was talking and gesticulating wildly. On his left "Uncle" was drinking his *pastis* with the air of a hardened drinker. Soigne turned to Brinchant, a fellow Belgian, and whispered in his ear. "What do you make of it?"

"We've only got to be patient," was the reply. "We'll soon know a bit more."

The dinner began. Very much at his ease, the lieutenant joined in all the conversations, repeatedly asking his new guests for details of their escape. The food was excellent but very highly seasoned, and there was no lack of wine.

The party was soon flushed with drink. A cheroot in the corner of his mouth, Captain Passemontton guffawed at his table companion's story. Everyone spoke at the top of his voice; there was laughter and a clatter of plates.

Madeleine Guesclin alone was silent. Soigne was the first to notice her anxiety and, from that moment, he did not take his eyes off her. The girl kept looking toward the door as though expecting someone.

The storm suddenly broke without anyone knowing the precise reason. Costa raised his hand to claim attention and at his first words they all realized that things were serious.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am ashamed to admit this to foreign officers, but I am in command of a phantom ship. Yes, I have just been betrayed by the majority of my crew. I thought I was dealing with sailors, but I was mistaken. Do you see that plaque? It recalls an exploit we carried out together. That was yesterday. This evening I have nothing left but a hotchpotch of milksops and cowards—kid-glove sailors whom I ought to have strangled with my bare hands."

His anger made him lean across the table; he spat out the words as though he were throwing stones.

"But I haven't finished with those bastards. I know there are still some of them aboard torn between the fear that I shall smash their teeth in or that they will join their mates in the Gibraltar jail. And they're supposed to be Frenchmen, gentlemen. Frenchmen? That rabble! I'll tell you how you recognize true Frenchmen today: By the way they weep, by the way they weep for unhappy, ravaged France. Those who still ask questions while the Boches are in Paris are not men.

"I know that later there will be people who will treat us as madmen," he went on. "But I prefer to be treated as a madman than as a coward; I'm going on with the war."

Any other man, purple in the face, clenching his glass, a forest of black hairs (Continued on page 66)



They were attacked off the Irish coast by three German Junkers who churned the sea around them with near hits.



The law of the convoy demands that there be no stopping, and the survivors were left to the cruel fate of the sea.

**James Fackner:**

# ***YANKEE HEAD-HUNTER OF***

**I**N QUITO, not long ago, the representative of an international newspaper syndicate discovered I was in town for a little vacation from the river country and looked me up at the Ambassador Hotel.

"Señor Bracey," he began, poised a sharpened pencil, "what is the greatest danger in the jungles of Peru, head-hunters, jaguars or piranhas?"

"Amateur explorers," I answered without hesitation and

he started at me skeptically as if he hadn't heard right.

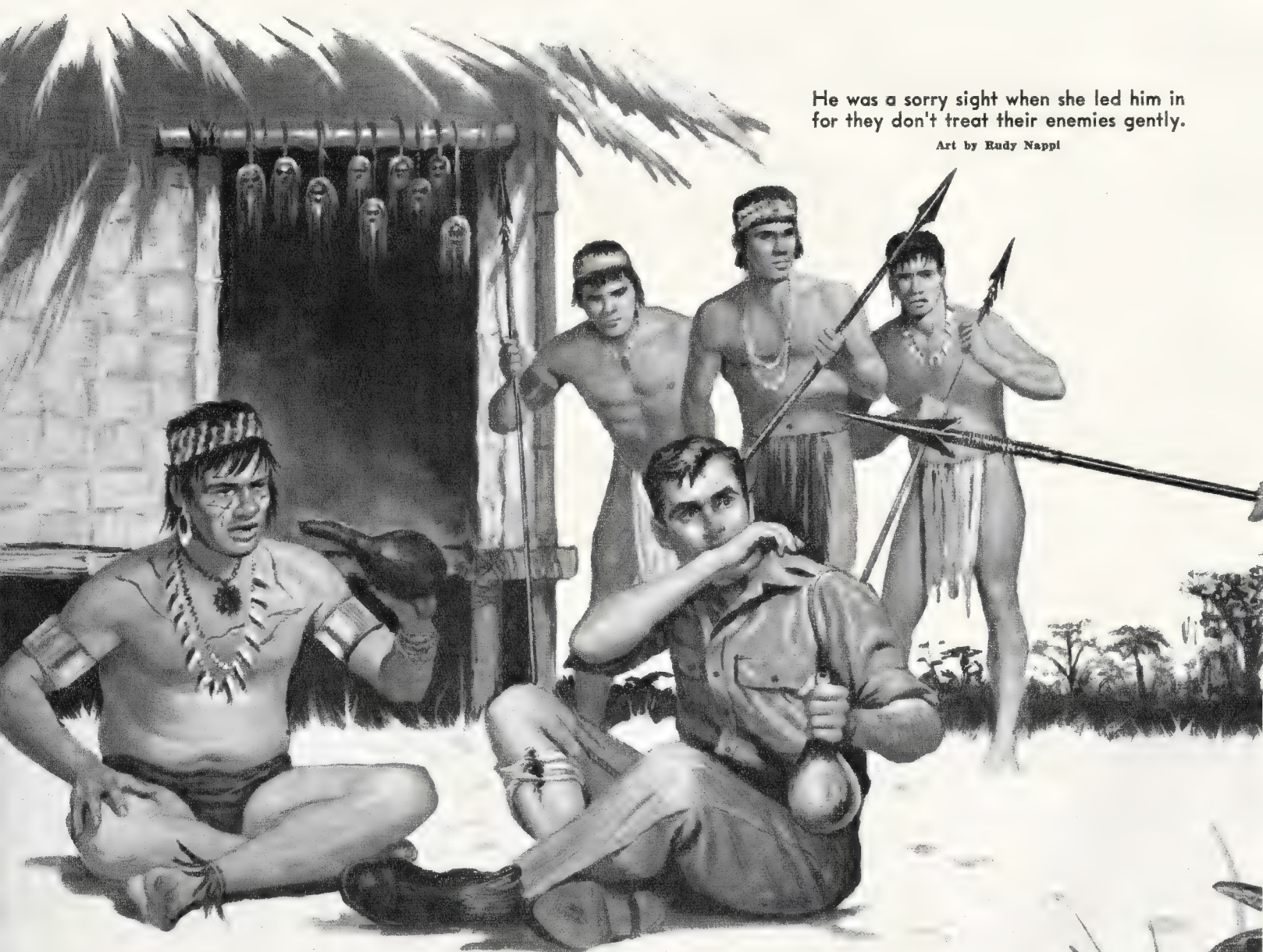
"Especially if they happen to carry a movie camera," I added.

I was thinking specifically of young James Fackner and I was telling the truth.

In the nine years since I left an engineering job with the Ecuadorean Sulphur Mining Company at Tixán and started my own business at the juncture (*Continued on page 56*)

He was a sorry sight when she led him in  
for they don't treat their enemies gently.

Art by Rudy Nappi



He broke every rule in the book to photograph the Jivaro Tsanto dance and set off the weirdest manhunt Peru's jungles have ever seen.

# ***LOST RIVER***

*by*  
**Paul G. Bracey**



# **the KING who COLLECTS WOMEN**

**by Nino Lo Bello**

His gambling losses are \$2,000,000 a year; he once forgot \$1,500,000 in a girl's bedroom; he's known as Public Playboy No. 1. Yet his only gripe is "lack of funds."





THERE wasn't a TV fan in all Italy who wasn't rooting for Miss Tuscany of 1954 as she competed on Italy's \$64,000 Question. The girl, Marisa Zocchi, a sexy 19-year-old brunette expert on the history of bike-racing, tearfully explained to both the M.C. and the sympathetic audience why she would not be able to compete for top prize of \$8,000. For her mother's sake, lovely Marisa sobbed, she could not risk losing the \$4,000 she had already won! She needed this money to bring mama home from the hospital and hire a nurse who could stay with her while she, Marisa, worked to bring home the bread and cheese. So touching was the scene that quizmaster Mike Bongiorno himself broke into tears.

Watching the show that night in his Rome villa was King Farouk. He must have gulped once or twice himself, for he sent Miss Zocchi a telegram stating that he had been moved by her story and that he was forwarding the sum she might have won, a money order for \$4,000—*with no strings attached*.

It was probably the first time in his life that Farouk ever gave any girl such a large sum of money "with no strings attached"—for the exiled Egyptian monarch, who most Europeans consider Public Lecher No. 1, has probably paid for and slept with so many women that it would take an IBM machine to keep track of them.

As might have been expected, immediately after the story of Farouk's \$4,000 gift hit the papers, his sumptuous villa was flooded with more than 30,000 requests for alms, favors and handouts. Farouk's social secretary was forced to hold a press conference to answer the demand:

"What do the people think?" the trim young woman asked. "That he's rich? His Highness has lost a personal fortune of two-hundred million dollars because of political difficulties. He is obliged to live on an extremely modest income."

Not many people fell for this plea of poverty. For whatever the state of Farouk's finances may be, it's a cinch that he's far from being down to his last million. While he pleads poverty and haggles hotel bills, it is a well-known secret that His Royal ex-Majesty has bank accounts and interests scattered over the globe worth several hundred million dollars.

Farouk's private financial adviser, one-time French diplomat Lucian Gallas, helps the former ruler invest his funds shrewdly. He is constantly turning over businesses,

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Farouk's first stop after being dethroned was Gracie Field's lovely villa on Capri.

## THE KING WHO COLLECTS WOMEN CONTINUED

real estate, stocks, bonds, anything with a commercial value, to help feed Farouk's huge appetites in women, food, gambling, and just plain money.

Once, while saying good-bye to a high-priced prostitute in Milan, Farouk carelessly forgot a leather bag which contained \$1,480,000 in British currency. His gambling deficit runs to about two million dollars annually: He has won and lost as much as fifty million francs in a couple of hours of baccarat; at Monte Carlo, he once casually walked out after dropping \$87,500 at roulette in less than a half-hour. In every gambling casino on the continent, Farouk has a reserved seat.

"I'm a professor of gambling," Farouk often tells interviewers. And well he might be. His favorite game is poker in which his bluffs are as big as himself. When he's losing, his pudgy face turns blue and he'll stay up all night trying to earn back his losses. But when he's on a winning streak he hums happily, tells joke after joke and quite often will abandon the table as soon as he thinks his luck is turning. He has also been known to cheat! Columnist Leonard Lyons relates the story of a poker game in which Farouk was playing. After a huge pot had been amassed by some spirited betting, Farouk informed his adversary in the show of hands that he had four kings, though his hand held only three.

"What do you mean four kings?" hissed his opponent who held a full-house. "I only see three."

Narrowing his eyes to slits and drawing one of the two pistols he always carries in a shoulder holster, Farouk countered with:

"Look again, friend. There's the king of spades, there's the king of hearts and there's the king of clubs."

"Yes, I know. But where's the fourth king?"

"I'm the fourth king," said Farouk matter-of-factly, and he raked in the pot.

Probably the only reason he was able to make this robbery stand was the fact that everywhere Farouk goes he is accompanied by a pair of menacing-looking Albanian bodyguards who pack two guns apiece. (The Italian police think enough of Farouk's trouble-making potential to assign a detail of men to follow him, just in case.)

But there never is much trouble in the true sense of the word, for Farouk goes in for that kind of "trouble" that Italians wink at—the fine art of baiting bosomy women into the boudoir. Serving as Farouk's man Friday in this most gentle of all games is an Italian by the name of Antonio Pulle, who has the semi-official post of "Minister of Feminine Affairs." A sharp-eyed connoisseur, Antonio keeps a register of the local crop of available playmates, and sees to it that the "great lover" never drools in vain at the sight of beauty.

The 300-pound playboy thinks highly of his procurer and pays him well for his talent. Although women play a key role in his life, the king's official opinion on the female of the species is enough to make him ineligible for the "husband of the year."

"The treatment a woman in the East receives," he once says, "is different from that in the West. We treat her like a master treats a slave. A woman has no more blood in her veins than has a cockroach. And our civilization, being more ancient than the West's, should suggest that ours certainly is the more proper method of treating these creatures."

Actually, however, many of (Continued on page 46)



**BRIDEGROOM** At 17, already King of Egypt, he married Farida, lovely daughter of his mother's lady-in-waiting.



**PLAYBOY** He loves nightclubbing, and has been known to keep three different dates on the very same night.



**DIPLOMAT** During World War II, because of the Suez Canal, FDR went out of his way to meet the Egyptian ruler.



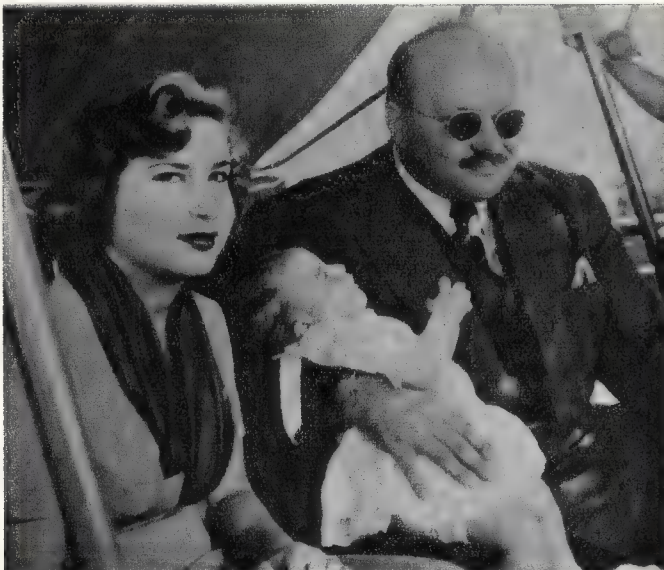
**RACETRACK FAN** His mania for gambling causes his advisors to wince everytime Europe's racing season opens.



**HUNTER** An expert with both rifle and pistol, he was a frequent visitor to Egypt's huge Royal Hunting Preserve.



**WATER BUG** Farouk loves all outdoor sports, especially those that permit him to air his passion for water.



**FATHER** His second wife, Queen Narriman, bore him the male heir he and the Egyptian people so longed for.



**BEAUTY CONTEST JUDGE** Perhaps it is his experience that makes him so popular as a picker of beauty queens.



One of the covering Hellcats burst into flames and the pilot radioed frantically: "I'm hit, Dumbo! I'm ditching!"

# DUMBO JOHN'S DOUBLE

While they fumbled around for their "fares," two Jap destroyers had them sandwiched and the shore batteries were looking right down their throats.

By 2:40, *Yorktown's* planes were back from the strike on Honshu and orbiting, and the tall man on the carrier's flag bridge, Vice-Admiral John S. McCain, Commander Task Force 38, leaned heavily against the gray steel of a spray shield, and stared at the Pacific. Instinctively, as his chief of staff brought him a map and dividers, McCain knew there was trouble. The aide, without speaking, indicated a dot in an azure field. A pilot had ditched in the Sea of Japan.

"Has he any cover?" McCain asked.

The aide shrugged. "Couple of our fighters, Admiral. But both are in a pretty bad way themselves—low on gas. They need a Dumbo, Sir."

Then the aide handed McCain a list of PBY's and

PBM's assigned to cover the seven-city strike. There were two rescue planes—Dumbos—in the area, one south of the Japanese mainland, the other at the outer end of Task Force 38. McCain glanced at the list briefly.

By now, the fighters, bombers and photo-reconnaissance planes were streaking home or were just about there—his own Hellcats were even then weaving around the flight deck. The Admiral looked at the map again and groaned. Maizuru was on the far side of Honshu—a hell of a place for an American airman to ditch! By nightfall, the last amphibian rescue plane would be back at its base, the coral-hewn strips at Iwo Jima and Saipan. They were due to land shortly after the last Liberator, Mitchell and Mustang returned from the strike, a coordinated incendiary at-



He got to the raft just as the Jap machine guns opened up.

# RESCUE

by **Gene Channing**

tack featuring the Navy and the Twenty-First AAF.

"Send the Maizuru PBY," McCain grunted. "He's closest."

"Admiral," the staffer flushed, "the pilot of that Dumbo claims he's been up for 10 hours. He says he can't possibly make it to our man and get back to his base."

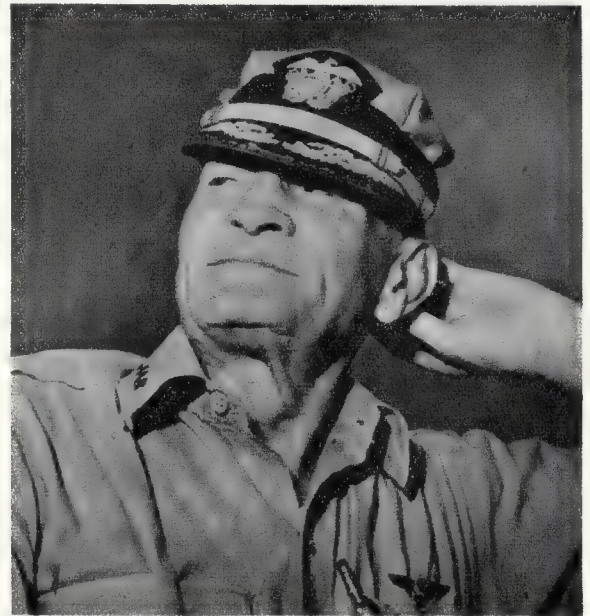
"You mean he's afraid he'll get his damned tail wet!" McCain snorted. Angrily, he shoved his baseball cap back on a shock of iron gray hair and paced the flag bridge. Then he leaned against the spray shield and sulked at the sea. There was the bigger picture to consider. "Try the subs. Maybe Lockwood's got a boat around there."

"We already have, Sir. No subs in the area."

"Recall his cover then." McCain (*Continued on page 50*)



Admiral Arthur Radford let Lieutenant Rairigh use the cabin, razor and one of his uniforms.



Admiral John McCain expressed his admiration for Rairigh's courage and devotion to duty.

And when Admiral William Halsey was finished, the Army lieutenant was holding a Navy Cross.





# WANTED FOR CANNIBALISM:

## The Monster of Düsseldorf

He committed his first murder at the age of nine. And from then on, until his execution, no one in all Germany walked the streets alone.

by Philip Ledward

"THAT the one?" asked the tall, square-shouldered Düsseldorf policeman, pointing to the woman who stood outside the church. The woman, deathly pale, held a small parcel nervously under her arm.

"Yes, that's her," his partner answered.

"So that's Frau Kürten. That's the monster's wife," the first policeman went on. "She looks like . . ." But he stopped suddenly and tensed as a man walked toward the church, then continued talking when he passed without giving the fidgeting woman a second glance. "She looks like she wants to get this thing over with."

It was the woman's turn to stiffen as another man approached her. The police watched anxiously. This was obviously him. This mild-looking man in his early thirties, who meticulously parted his hair on one side, who looked as if he couldn't hurt a fly, was the horrible, dreaded Monster of Düsseldorf.

The woman hesitated, then quickly handed the parcel as her husband approached: It was the signal the police were waiting for and, with drawn guns, from doorways and alleys leading onto the church square, 25 men converged on the couple. The Monster looked around and made as if to flee, but he quickly changed his mind and smiled, first at the police, then at his wife. And turning to the police he held out his wrists. "Don't be afraid, gentlemen. I won't

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"I had a system," he told the jury. "I waited until they were in the room, distracted, least suspecting."

Art by Charles Copeland





He located all his murders on a police map and remembered, with fiendish glee, the gruesome details of each.



Authorities unearthed the victims' skulls and found that all of them had been crushed in exactly the same place.

## THE MONSTER OF DÜSSELDORF CONTINUED

do you any harm. My days of freedom seem to be over."

One big cop lunged forward, snapped a pair of handcuffs on the extended wrists, grabbed him firmly by his arm and pushed him toward a black sedan. As he was being led away, the Monster turned to his wife. "Good-by, beloved. Take good care of yourself." And his wife buried her face in her hands and sobbed.

She wasn't the only woman to sob. During the sensational trial that followed, hundreds of letters arrived, protesting that such a man, regardless even of his confessions, couldn't possibly be the horrible Monster of Düsseldorf. Many of these letters included offers of marriage. When told about his appeal to women of all ages he smiled. He understood too well his fatal appeal to the opposite sex.

But Frau Kürten was the only woman, the only human for whom Peter Kürten had ever shown any recognizable emotion. She, before his confession, had not known what kind of person he was, though she was aware that he had other, numerous, extra-marital love interests. And, strangely enough, it was even he, who when he admitted his crimes to her, suggested that she be the one to turn him in so that she might collect the reward. The parcel, the meeting in front of the church, all had been prearranged by him.

Peter Kürten was guillotined in Düsseldorf just two years before Adolf Hitler took over the reins of power in Germany. But to this very day—especially to the citizens of that beautiful city—he obsesses men's minds.

There are few crimes he did not commit, from burglary and arson, to assault and murder. Murder, above all, he committed on a grand scale. After he was brought to

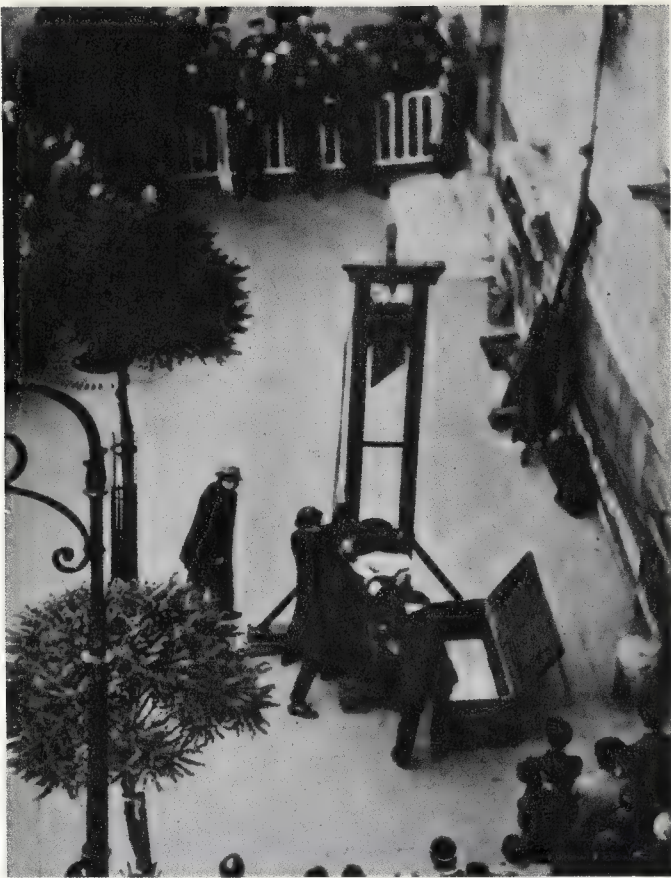
justice, he admitted his crimes, beginning with a double murder at the age of nine.

"When I was nine years old," he declared, "they used to let me look after the wash that the laundrywomen spread out on the banks of the Rhine. We small boys would play about on rafts. I brought off my first murder, if that's what you call it, by shoving one of the boys into the river and under the raft. Another youngster fell in while looking for him. I didn't help him. Instead I pushed him back into the river. Both boys drowned."

A year later he did the same thing with two other boys. One of them was caught up in the paddles of a river steamer. His last murder was a particularly ghastly slaying of a little girl, five years old, named Gertrude Albermann, in November, 1930. Her body was found in a desolate spot among nettles and broken bricks close to a factory yard. The child had been first strangled, then stabbed 36 times.

He seemed to have felt that retribution could never come to him, because he was something greater than mortal. He had such belief in his own immunity that he wrote letters to a newspaper and to the police, in which he pointed out the exact whereabouts of the child's body. For good measure, he also informed the police of the place where they would find the body of another victim, a woman he had murdered a short time before. "You'll find the body naked," he wrote. "There are 20 wounds in her temples, throat and heart." The weapon used was the same weapon that had destroyed the small girl.

The number of murders between the drowning of the two small boys in the Rhine and the multiple stabbing of



Many who attended the execution wanted to be certain of the death of the man who had terrorized a generation.



Meek, well-mannered, neighborly Peter Kürten, turned out to be the city's dreaded, blood-drinking monster.

the small girl in Düsseldorf, was 15. And there were a good many murders that Kürten intended during the years between, and for one reason or another did not bring to their conclusion. Sometimes he was interrupted, but more often he suspended operations voluntarily. "As a matter of fact," he explained, "I wanted the victims to tell the tale themselves. I wanted to increase the panic which was spreading through Düsseldorf. Through all Germany," he added proudly.

Kürten displayed the most fantastic memory regarding every detail of his crimes. When he recalled in court his first murder as an adult—the killing of a ten-year-old girl named Christine Klein—he recalled the details of the blood-letting with quiet satisfaction.

"The head of the little girl," he narrated, "was toward the window. I seized it with one hand and crushed the neck for a minute and a half. She woke up and struggled a bit, then lost consciousness. I had a very sharp little pocket knife in my pocket. I held the little girl's head and cut her throat."

But it was not enough for him to see and smell blood. "I had to drink it," he explained casually. "If there wasn't a human being on hand, an animal would do. One day I'd been walking up and down the public gardens for some hours, looking for a victim. None was at hand, so I got hold of a sleeping swan by the side of the lake, chopped off the head, and drank the blood. I just had to do it! It tastes good, too!"

Such was the sickness of Peter Kürten. Yet his neighbors in the drab apartment house where he lived, the men

with whom he worked, his fellow townsmen, while his murders filled their hearts with terror, not one of them suspected that the quiet, well-spoken fellow from the Mettmärnerstrasse was a ghoul.

The day of Kürten's arrest was May 24, 1930. It was by no means his first arrest. He had, in fact, already been sentenced some 17 times, and of his 47 years he had spent some 22 in prison. In the early years of the century it was arson, in the nineteen twenties it was murder. And during that time panic stalked the streets of Düsseldorf. Women would not let children out of their sight. Not only young girls, but strong men were afraid to walk the streets at night. As the murders mounted up, a flood of accusations poured into the offices of the Düsseldorf police, to the tune of 250 a day. The police followed up some 12,000 clues; of these, only three—if they had been competently examined—would have led to Kürten. It is one of the most fantastic facts in the history of crime that though the murderer was rubbing shoulders with his fellow citizens, he could remain so long undetected.

Take the case of Fräulein Unger. The Monster had met the young woman in the park and taken her for a glass of beer. Then followed the usual invitation for a walk in the woods, and the sudden onslaught. This time it was a hammer.

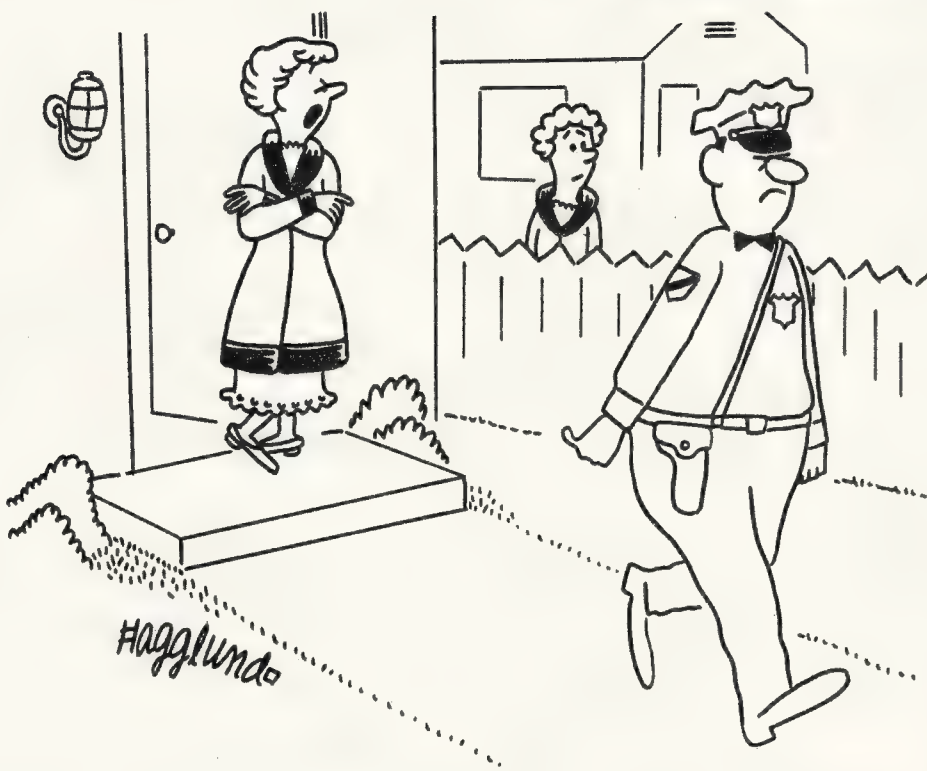
"I gave her a blow on the right temple," declared Kürten. "She dropped with a scream. I left her for dead after I'd hit her a few times. I saw the blood flowing."

Fräulein Unger survived. She could have identified the assailant with ease, but she did (*Continued on page 54*)



"I told you never to call me here!"

# FEMALES



Girls will be girls.  
And no matter where  
they're from they  
seem to be dedicated  
to the same task—  
hosing the  
unsuspecting male.

"I feel sorry for everyone at the corner of Fifth and Main today."



"See! What did I tell you?"



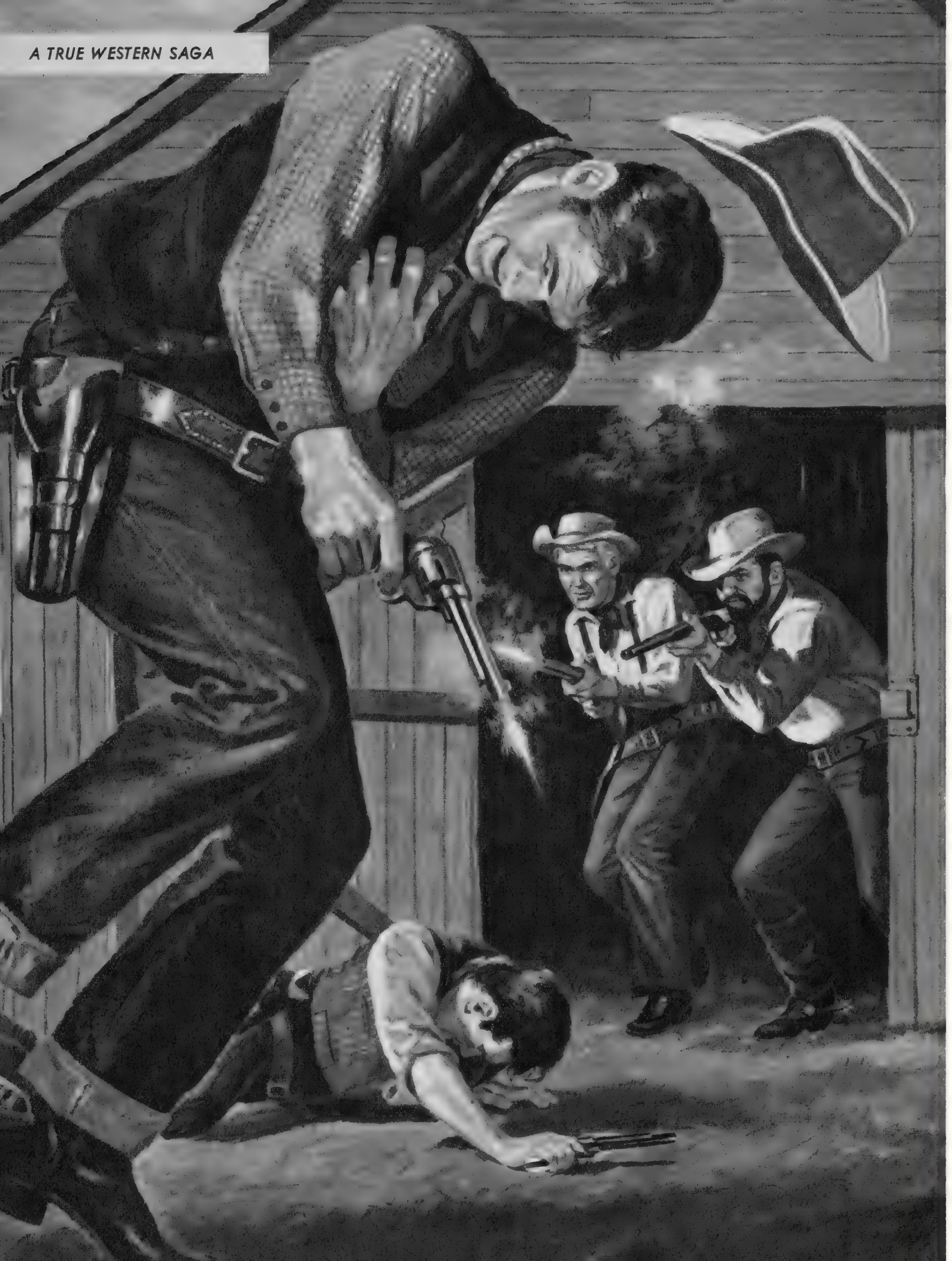
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INKLAND

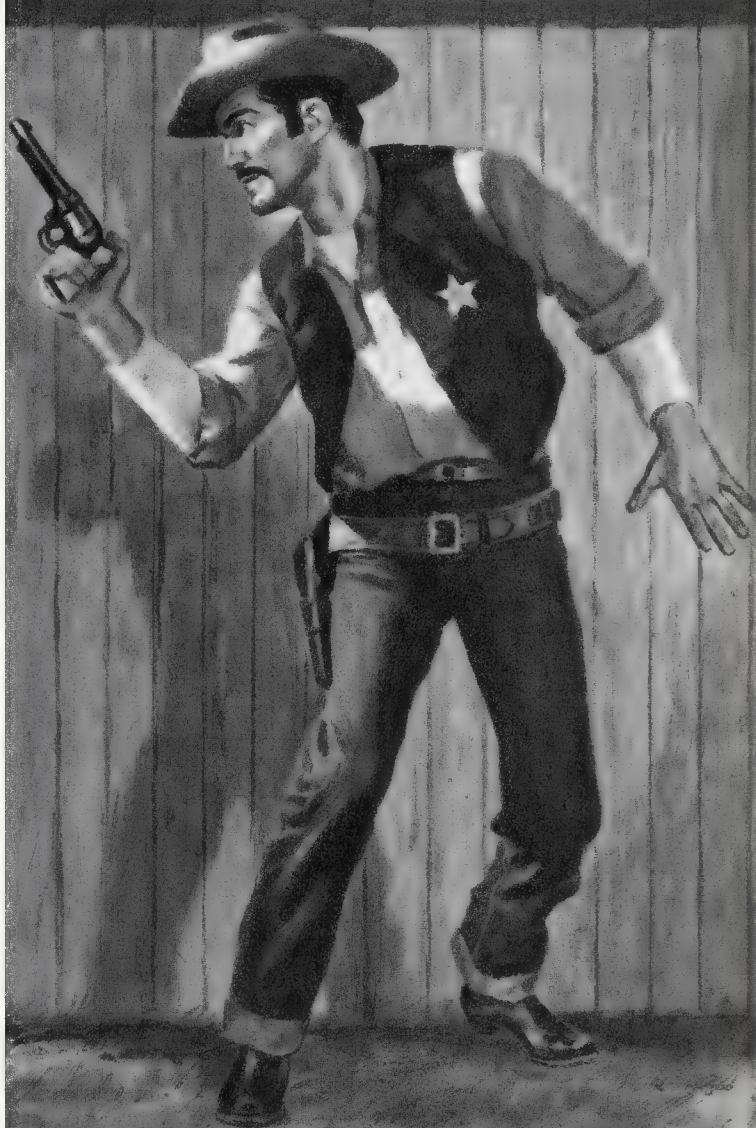


"I was a governess—I took care of little boys, then older boys, then older boys, then older boys..."

A TRUE WESTERN SAGA



# DEAD MAN'S POSSE



For ten years every bounty hunter in the West came after them—but you don't collect rewards in the face of two pairs of deadly Colts.

by Russ Leadabrand  
and Bill Robertson

FAT rain clouds had pushed into the San Joaquin Valley all that long, chill October day like endless rolls of gray dough. Now they were trapped in melancholy rows, caught against the high scarp of the Sierra Nevada, unable to pass. As the wind beat down from the north the clouds deepened and darkened.

Three men on tired horses picking their way north from Tulare through the ancient burial mounds south of Visalia stopped and surveyed the sky.

"It sure as hell's going to rain before night," Vic Wilson commented sourly, easing himself sideways in his saddle. "It's a bad sign. A lousy way to start a new job."

Neither of his two Indian companions answered. They were edgy. They were in an Indian burial ground and while it was not their own, they could read the signs. They made motions to be moving on, and rump-weary Wilson sighed again and led out.

The three men passed northward from the mounds toward Visalia. Night took giant steps across the valley under the lowering sky.

To the east, along the foothills, the chill rain began to fall. Vic Wilson was right. It was a bad sign. He had come all the way to California from Tucson, Arizona, with two trained Apache trackers on a special job. A week later he would be dead.

"Ten thousand dollars is the price. We mentioned that in the telegram," the red-faced merchant sat stiffly on the hotel room's only chair.

"I wanted to hear it again," said Vic Wilson from the edge of the bed. He grinned.

"We were impressed by your . . . qualifications," said the red-faced man.

"You'd have been impressed by any man with 27 notches on his gun," Wilson (*Continued on page 62*)

Before the deputies knew it, two of them were dead and the third was too confused to get off a shot.

Art by John Kuller

a  
girl  
for  
peter  
basch



SARI SOZAN



*Though beautiful women are always knocking on his door, or stopping him in the street, or crowding him at cocktail parties, Peter has to turn most of them down—politely but emphatically.*



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

**A GIRL FOR PETER BASCH** CONTINUED





*For in order to remain one of the world's top glamour photographers he must insist upon perfection in his models. Sari Sozan is one of the chosen.*

# BEHEADING

It wasn't until after I had signed their death warrant that I found



# IN SIAM

by Gerald Sparrow

out I was required—by their law—to be a witness to the execution.



When the curtains were drawn and we mounted the bench, the two accused, who had been sitting together talking in the dock, rose and faced the court. The man, whose name was Sarakarn, was a tall, handsome Pathan with pale blue eyes and a pointed beard, dyed red. His face was sensitive and intelligent, his movements quick. It was with something of a shock that I noticed his hands. They were too large, and extremely powerful. They looked as though they could choke the life out of you.

The girl, sitting close to him, appeared to be a Malay. She was certainly beautiful and seemed very young. I glanced at the charge. Her age was given as 17. Sumihta was her name. I studied her carefully. Her bold brown eyes were experienced, her head stood proudly on fine shoulders, and her neck was lovely, delicate, yet full. Perhaps her most striking feature was her mouth, for her lips turned up at the corners, giving the impression that she had savoured life and found it sweet.

Sarakarn and Sumihta were described as British subjects.

Prince Watyakorn read the charges to them in Siamese, Phra Nath checking them from his file. The accused needed no interpreter. Both spoke and understood Siamese.

The man, Nai Sarakarn, a wealthy merchant, was accused of murdering his wife, to whom he had been married 20 years. According to the charge, he had stabbed her to death with a butcher's knife in the early hours of the morning while she was sleeping. The motive was said to be his overpowering passion for the young girl. Sumihta was charged with conspiring with Sarakarn to commit murder, with instigating the plan, and with persuading him to carry it out, so that she could legally become his wife and inherit his property, an important portion of which had been in the name of the dead woman.

Phya Pada, the able Eurasian prosecutor, made it clear that the case was as grave against the girl as against the man. He had a nervous habit of stabbing the air with a gold pencil to emphasize his points, and the sun, streaming through the court window, caught its golden gleam when he denounced Sumihta as an evil, passionate girl.

Although by nature more an advocate than a Judge, I found my work at the International Court fascinating. It was varied, but it followed a pattern as characteristic in its way as that of any Western court. We tried everything—civil causes, crime, matrimonial disputes. The law we applied was Siamese Law, which is founded on excerpts from English, French, Swiss and Japanese legal systems. Underlying the whole is a broad basis of Siamese custom.

The story of the Court itself is peculiar, perhaps unique. What the lawyers call "extraterritoriality" was at one time common in the East. The great Western powers, particularly France and Britain, wished to secure for their subjects living in the Far East the benefits of French and British justice. In the colonies, of course, this was an automatic business. In free (Continued on page 42)

# KID WITH THE



I'm a card cop. I can spot a shark's trick after one hand... then I ran into ordinary citizen Carl Breton. With him I had to first meet his wife.

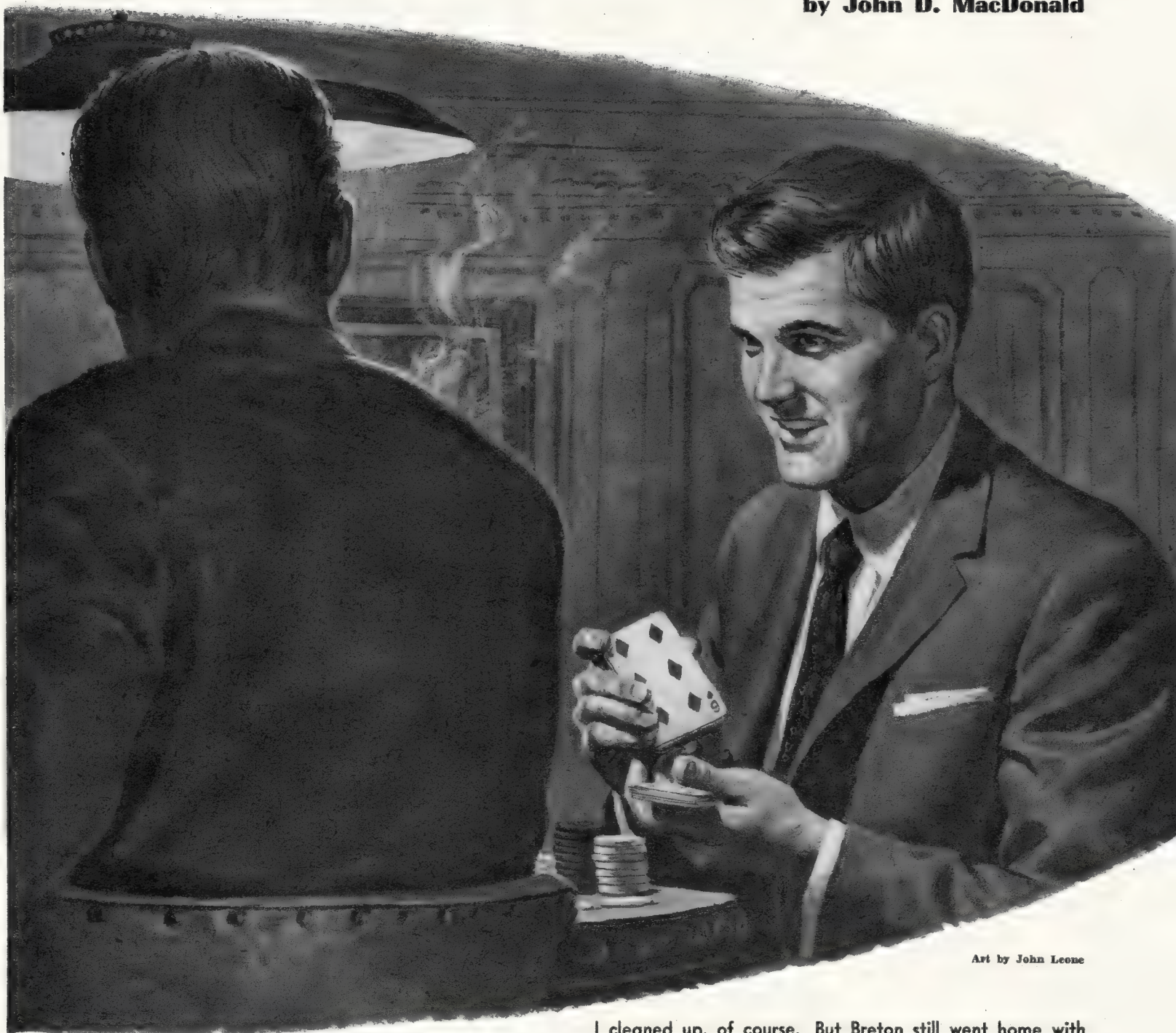
## men FICTION

I don't chalk up many failures. But this kid had me stopped.

There aren't many of us in the business. I'm on call with some of the best private agencies, which is where most of my work comes from. You take a nice club, if they suspect a member of cheating, they don't go to the local law, they get hold of a good agency. If it happens at your club, it's about a 50-50 chance that I will show up. I won't look like what you expect. I'm fat and

# GOLDEN TOUCH

by John D. MacDonald



Art by John Leone

I cleaned up, of course. But Breton still went home with the twelve dollars he'd won before I turned mechanic.

bald and closer to 60 than I care to admit. Back in Keith circuit days I had a magic act. Mostly card stuff. I got interested in the sharpies. I used to go on lecture tours after that, wearing a black mask. Then I worked the big passenger liners, tying a can to the sharpies until my face got too well known in the trade.

Now I've got a little magic shop in Manhattan, and a good kid I can leave in charge when I go out on call. The calls usually don't last long.

This was a nice club, a men's club in the middle of a pleasant city in Pennsylvania. The club had been going a long time. You could smell the money. Old, dark, heavy furniture, a look of long-established security.

I checked in at a hotel and phoned the contact. He worked in a bank; his name was Telford. He came over to the room. We had a talk. He said that only three members were in on it. I told him that I had registered under *(Continued on page 44)*

# MEN'S NEWSLETTER

continued from page 6

May have a tape recorder inside that'll steal your teeth . . .

Midwest auto dealer will FIND A JOB for the unemployed guy who buys a car from him . . . Ex-GIs with some commando or other rough-house training MAKING OUT BIG IN THE PART-TIME PROTECTION BIZ. For a \$25 yearly fee, ex-GI guarantees homeowner he'll pass his place at least once an hour from 6 p.m. to five in the morning. THESE BOYS ARE CLEANING UP IN AREAS WHERE THERE'S LITTLE POLICE PROTECTION . . . Tool "library" is one helluva profitable racket. You start stocking tools as kind of a hobby, until you have a wide variety. THEN YOU START RENTING THEM OUT JUST THE WAY A BOOK LIBRARY DOES . . .

## GRAVY TRAIN

MAIL GOING BY ROCKET TO THE MOON will cost an estimated \$25 a letter . . . Broker is always a smart idea when you've come up with a HOT NEW INVENTION. He'll know how much to SOAK A COMPANY. If you just pluck a ridiculous figure out of the air, company president will tell you where to put it and that he'll develop the gadget himself . . . If your wallet's pretty fat, the Government will sell you Angel Island, right near San Francisco's Golden Gate. Has 640 acres and a 750-foot mountain. Only drawback: no gas or electricity, no drinking water . . . Never, but never, go for the first tire price you hear. First line tires vary as much as ten bucks from one to another—DEPENDING ON YOUR ABILITY TO WORK THE GUY'S PRICE DOWN . . .

A FABULOUS ISLAND PARADISE TO KEEP IN MIND: St. Kitts in the Caribbean—a couple can there live on peanuts; under a thousand a year—and have a ball that never ends . . . Canada has almost one million islands in the lake and river water of Ontario—all beautiful, many liveable, and a great many for sale

## GRAVY TRAIN



## OUTDOOR SAVVY



at a price the biggest of tightwads will go for . . . Costs more in Los Angeles to take out tonsils than in any other city in the country . . .

IF YOUR WATER'S HARD it's probably costing you an extra \$117 a year by the time you figure in wasted soap, short life span of your water heater, plumbing and dishwasher repairs, and loss-of-clothing-life . . . THERE'S ALWAYS A DEMAND FOR BAD COUNTERFEIT MONEY. Racket guys use it to make pay-offs in dangerous situations—when takes can't squawk or haven't the time to examine it—like paying off bootleggers on foggy night at sea in a rolling boat . . .

GOVERNMENT EATING ITS HEART OUT to get these inventions from civilians: (1) Underwater detection using methods other than sound. (2) A destructive death ray that will kill at 500 yards WITHOUT REQUIRING MUCH POWER. (3) Method of concealing combat vehicles by making them unheard and invisible to light and radiation . . . The sun is the cheap heating unit for at least nine houses, privately owned, in the United States . . .

## OUTDOOR SAVVY

MOST EVENLY MATCHED AFRICA FIGHT is that between a buzzard and cobra. Usually ends in a "draw"—with both being killed—the cobra coiled around the buzzard and the bird's claws dug into the snake's head . . . A REAL "FUN" GAME FOR AFRICAN NATIVES is to catch a baboon, shave off its hair in crazy patterns, color the patches with bright paint and send the raving animal shrieking off into the jungle like a weird-looking, crazy rug . . . IN CASE YOU'RE ONE OF THE LUCKY ONES TO SEE A GRIZZLY, the shot to take him out with is "just below the nose." This will drive into his heart, providing



**KHAKI CROWD**



**HOME HINTS**

the terrain is either level or slanted upward . . .

A HUNTING MYTH THAT CAN CAUSE TROUBLE: That snakes den up at sundown. Therefore you can't get bitten by a poisonous one at night. AIN'T SO . . .

#### **KHAKI CROWD**

THE GUY WHO RODE HIS CHUTE RIGHT DOWN INTO THE WATER, after bailing out, usually wound up in a helluva pickle. Leg straps would generally force a guy's head down into the water and make release almost impossible . . .

One fallacy downed airmen found about sharks is the one that says they prefer to bite off a limb at a time. SHARKS USUALLY PREFER TO TEAR OFF SMALL BITE-SIZE PIECES, small enough to swallow easily . . . Another misconception was that sharks had to roll over on their backs before they could chew a hunk out of you. Turned out they could tear off a piece from any angle . . . LOVE-MAKING WHALES TURNING OUT TO BE THE BEST FRIENDS RUSSIANS EVER HAD. They're getting in the way of our anti-submarine fleet by swallowing chunks of wrecked ships then throwing off our magnetic detectors . . . ARMY QUIETLY POUNDING HOME ESCAPE AND SURVIVAL TRAINING—how to resist capture, how to escape when captured, how to live off unfamiliar ground, how to set up anti-enemy teams if stuck in P.O.W. camps. Infantry feels we'll commit ourselves a lot better if many of us are captured in a future war . . . SURPRISINGLY LARGE NUMBER OF SURVIVORS ON LIFE RAFTS HAD THOUGHTS OF CANNIBALISM. Usually came up when one man cracked up and seemed "useless." Thought that came in heads of others was to eat him while he was alive and drink his blood. BUT THESE THOUGHTS GENERALLY VANISHED ONCE A GUY

HAD DIED. NOBODY EVEN THOUGHT OF EATING "DEAD" MEAT . . . Very few cases of life raft survivors who were able to keep down drinks of urine, although many tried it . . .

MOST DREADED KIND OF BAILOUT IS THE AT-NIGHT ONE OVER WATER. Guy will usually go about 40 feet down before regaining consciousness and won't know which way is up. Only thing that'll save him is possibility of inflating a Mae West which will shoot him to surface . . . THREE OUT OF FOUR GUYS WHO WERE KILLED IN BAILOUTS were cooked because they failed to clear their planes . . .

PROBABLY THE WORST SURVIVAL EXPERIENCE of WWII involved the two airmen who bailed out successfully, made it into a life raft, then opened their survival manuals only to find they were for use in the jungle . . .

#### **HOME HINTS**

You may be in trouble if the house you've got your eye on has iron piping. MAKE SURE YOU CHECK OUT THE WATER PRESSURE. If it's weak, figure you'll need expensive new plumbing after you're stuck with the house. . . . THERE'S A HOT NEW SOLDERING-GUN KIT you ought to know about. A built-in spotlight illuminates work in shadowy areas. And the cutting tip works on rubber, vinyl, or asphalt tile, removes old putty and fuses thermosetting plastic. IT HAS A FLOCK OF INTERCHANGEABLE TIPS to do other odd jobs. . . . THREE WAYS TO AVOID DRY ROT: (1) Use decay resistant woods (cedar, redwood and cypress) (2) USE A HOT CHEMICAL. Zinc naphthenate is good because it won't stain and (3) Remove decayed wood as soon as it forms, cutting out about 12 inches beyond area of actual decay . . . THERE'S A WONDERFUL NEW DELAYED ACTION SWITCH THAT KEEPS CAR HEADLIGHTS ON till you walk from your car to your house, then shuts them off . . .



## BEHEADING IN SIAM

continued from page 37

countries, including Siam, they claimed the right to try their own nationals and confirmed that right in treaties. It was clearly an infringement on the sovereignty of the Eastern nations concerned, but often it saved them trouble and embarrassment. It was resented, but permitted and recognized.

The system worked well. During my first week I tried a prosecution for the unlawful possession of opium, and an irrigation dispute in which one farmer stated that his supply of water had been diverted by a neighbor, thus reducing his rice harvest.

One kind of crime we seldom had—murder. The Siamese are almost 100 per cent Buddhist, the foreign missions having made practically no permanent disinterested converts in Siam. Murder is the antithesis of the gentle Buddhist creed and the Siamese are reluctant to admit it has ever occurred.

There was another reason why murder so seldom figured in our lists. Old Siamese medical theory, now largely superseded by modern medical practice, ascribed all illnesses to a disturbance of the elements that were supposed to make up the human body, which could remain in health only when they were perfectly balanced. The element that gave the most trouble, for it was always going wrong, was wind. The Siamese word for it is "lom."

Nowadays a widespread modern medical service operates in Siam and the young doctors, male and female, are some of the country's most progressive citizens, but the conditions I have outlined prevailed in 1930. I was, therefore, all the more astonished one Monday morning shortly after my arrival, on entering the Judges' room, to see on the trial list one case only down for four days' hearing. It was described, quite bluntly, as murder. Moreover, there were two accused—a man and a woman—and they were both charged with murder and with conspiracy to murder. There was no secondary charge such as manslaughter. It was murder, or it was nothing. I was surprised then, but I had no presentiment of what was to follow. It was the case I have already begun to describe. . . .

Both the accused faced the court and Prosecutor with considerable composure. When a telling point was made against them, Sumihta would turn to her lover and smile as if to reassure him. Their composure seemed well justified, for I read, in Sarakarn's written defense, that he would call four independent witnesses who would swear that on the night of the crime he was with them at Ayuthia, some fifty miles from Bangkok, playing cards in the house of a friend. The names, ages, occupations and addresses of the alibi witnesses were given. If their testimony remained unshaken—and

they were all merchants of substance—no evidence which Phya Pada might call would convict either of the accused. Sumihta, of course, in her written defense, confirmed the alibi in all its detail.

There was, moreover, some circumstantial evidence—whether it was genuine or faked we did not know—which seemed to support the defense theory that Sarakarn's wife had been murdered while attempting to resist robbers who, knowing Sarakarn was wealthy and possibly absent, had broken into the house. A lock had been smashed and some jewelry and money were missing.

The Prosecution, too, did not lack circumstantial evidence, and it was damaging. Sarakarn had been infatuated with Sumihta for over a year. She had had two previous lovers, both married and both wealthy. It appeared that she chose the victims of her charms with calculation. Her love for Sarakarn had consumed her to the exclusion of all else, and she had been faithful to him from the first day they met.

Sarakarn was busy during the day, but usually returned home at dusk, and shortly afterwards it was Sumihta's habit to leave her own house and walk the short distance to Sarakarn's fine bungalow. There she would stay until midnight, playing cards, drinking and making love to the husband, while his wife wept in the kitchen, not daring to enter the living-room lest she should find Sumihta in the act of love and incur her rage.

**SOMETIMES** provoked beyond endurance, the wife would from time to time rebel and storm at Sarakarn and the girl. When this happened, Sumihta would seize an oxen whip that hung on the wall near the window and hand it to Sarakarn, who would beat his wife. Neighbors said they had heard the woman's screams, and a little servant girl went into the witness box to swear that if Sumihta was not satisfied with the punishment her lover inflicted, she would snatch the whip and beat the old woman frenziedly until she crawled away, broken and utterly subdued. The evidence showed that these scenes, at one time frequent, had become rare before the murder.

Sumihta, giving evidence, did not deny most of the allegations. She admitted she was Sarakarn's mistress and intended to become his chief wife. Sarakarn had given her all the dead woman's jewelry, as was suitable since she was to take her place. She also admitted, smilingly, that she had encouraged Sarakarn to beat his wife "to keep her in her place."

When it was suggested in cross-examination that the wife interfered with her love affair, Sumihta said that it was not true. She had done exactly what she had wanted

when she wanted to do it. She added the significant remark, "The raging of the old woman only increased my love for him. I did not care about her at all."

I had a strong impression that this was partly correct and that Sumihta derived a sadistic satisfaction from beating the old wife and making love to the husband in her house. The wife's protests had merely served to inflame her passion. The real reason for the killing was revealed by one of the last of the Prosecution witnesses, a young Siamese official of good family from the Office of the Land Registry.

Five years previously Sarakarn had transferred two valuable pieces of land to his wife as part of a general plan to avoid taxation under Siamese law. On two recent occasions he had applied to have these retransferred to his own name, stating that his wife agreed and that the transfer to her had been purely technical. The officials, of course, refused to re-transfer without the wife's consent in person. She was now the legal owner, they insisted. Sarakarn had been unable to persuade his wife to come to the Registry. Moreover, the official, who was Deputy Registrar, had been dissatisfied, and had visited Nang Sarakarn, the wife, secretly at her house one evening to find out the real position. He arrived after office hours, shortly after seven. Sumihta was already in the living room with Sarakarn, and the young man met the wife on the large back verandah where most of the cooking was done.

The official, Nai Pramote, said that the wife was nervous at first, but later talked to him freely and eagerly. Every night, just before midnight, she said she had to make supper and take it to her husband and the girl. The little serving maid would follow her, carrying the wine.

She refused even to consider transferring the land back to Sarakarn as long as he was Sumihta's lover. The deeds were the only hold she had over him and, perhaps, on life itself. Nai Pramote told her that, if she died intestate, Sarakarn would receive the property anyway and she might be in danger. In view of the circumstances, she had better make a will leaving her property to her two children. She refused to take his advice, however, and had broken down, sobbing pitifully.

"I only want my husband back," she cried. "For 20 years he was a good man, caring for me and giving me a present on our wedding day to show he had not forgotten I was his wife. I am true and loving to him, and he had no women, except a few careless girls of the town, until this young witch came and made love to him in the new way I do not understand."

Nai Pramote, as easily moved as most young men, had been touched by the sincerity and love of the woman, and her humiliation upset him. How complete that humiliation was he could see when the time came for the supper and wine to be taken to the lovers. Some ten days before, after a scene, Sumihta had devised a new punishment for the wife. She must bring the supper as usual, but she must enter the room on her knees and serve it in that position, waiting beside the table until they had both finished before withdrawing in the same manner.

Before he left, Nai Pramote was shown a crack in the teak wall of the sitting-room. "If you look through that," the wife said, "you will see what I have to bear."

His curiosity aroused, Nai Pramote had watched the whole scene. Sumihta and Sarakarn took nearly an hour over their supper and Sumihta flirted while the wife knelt in a corner, her eyes averted. As they were finishing, Sumihta started to undress, flinging her clothes onto a chair. As she took off her last garment, she threw her shoes at the old lady as a sign that she was to go.

Nai Pramote, abashed, was going to hurry away when, in the act of love, Sumihta had started to talk to her lover and the words uttered were so startling that he had remained for one more minute, revolted but curious.

"Butcher the old cow now," urged the girl, "before it is too late and she ruins us by leaving the land to her own people."

As this awful evidence was given Sumihta showed her first sign of anxiety. Her supple little dimpled brown hands, with their diamond and sapphire rings, clenched convulsively, and she dug her long finger nails into her palms. Sarakarn frowned and shook his head. At the same instant the tension was broken when the great electric fan of the court, which kept the Bench cool and the rest of the court from suffocation, began to whirl at full speed.

Sumihta gave her evidence skilfully. After admitting the beatings, the "crawling" order, and the adultery, she absolutely denied the incriminating conversation and the murder itself.

Then Sarakarn entered the witness box and made his denial firmly and emphatically. His four witnesses, who were friends of his, took the oath of the Koran and were not unduly shaken in cross-examination.

**WHEN** the defense had given its version of the facts, it seemed certain that the case against the accused had failed for lack of sufficient evidence. Sumihta clutched her lover's hand and smiled at him. Everything seemed within her grasp—a husband, wealth, the sole possession of her man. Then an unexpected thing happened.

Phya Pada, the Prosecutor, asked leave to call fresh evidence on the alibi. Arguments were submitted and we retired to have tea and consider the matter. We sat again in 15 minutes and allowed the application. The evidence was of a startling character. The police had traced a large number of 100 tical notes from the accounts of Sarakarn at the Provincial Bank to each of the four alibi witnesses. In the case of one, the sum of exactly 5,000 ticals had been traced; in the other cases, smaller but substantial sums. It so happened that the notes were new and issued with their serial numbers intact, a circumstance that greatly aided the police. When the evidence of these bribes was given, Sumihta collapsed and had to be restored by a doctor.

Sarakarn was at a loss to explain the payments. He had not time to concoct a story. He broke down hopelessly, but still clung passionately to his denial of murder. One technical witness was recalled. He testified that a spot of blood on Sarakarn's coat was human blood. There was no analysis, of course, as to its category.

Now the most open terror, which was dreadful to behold, gripped the prisoners. The blood drained from Sumihta's face and she swallowed convulsively. Sarakarn held his head in his hands as if it tortured him.

The trial soon ended and, as was the cus-

tom in Siam, a date some 15 days ahead was fixed for judgment. The two prisoners were led out to be held separately in their dungeons. The waiting must have been purgatory, for they could not comfort each other.

The Judges and I studied the file minutely, first individually, then together. The final evidence, we all agreed, was convincing. Sarakarn must be convicted, but what of Sumihta? She was so young—and she had been in love. Was that to excuse her evil behaviour? She had planned the murder and had insisted on its being carried out. If Sarakarn had wavered, she would have thrown the hot blanket of her love over him to smother his doubts. She had plotted and contrived the whole affair, and had extorted the murderous promise from him in the enjoyment of adultery. Without her there would certainly have been no murder. With extreme reluctance we decided unanimously that Sumihta must be convicted too and sentenced to death. In all our minds was the reservation that two higher Courts, the Appeal Court and the Supreme Court, would review our findings and, even after that, the King might exercise the royal prerogative of mercy, should our judgment be confirmed.

I think we were surprised when both superior courts unhesitatingly confirmed the judgment and sentence, and dismayed when the Government refused to ask the King to exercise his powers of reprieve in the case of Sumihta. The view was held that at last justice had been done in a most terrible crime.

I had not realized that, as a signatory of the judgment, I should be required to witness the executions, but such was the rule. On the appointed day, therefore, a Saturday, Tok drove the two Judges and me to the place of execution on the outskirts of the city.

Executions were by the sword and were nominally private. In actual fact they could be witnessed by a large crowd, for only a canvas pegged to stakes and not more than four feet in height surrounded the area set

aside for the decapitations. Over this canvas anyone, except small children, could get an unobstructed view of the proceedings.

Many features of the case had attracted public interest: Sarakarn's wealth, his long marriage, Sumihta's beauty and notoriety and the "crawling" order. Small wonder, then, that at least 5,000 people were gathered to see, if they could, the end of the rich merchant and his terrible lover. Within the enclosure were only the two Judges, a police officer, two constables, the executioner and I. I did not see a doctor, though no doubt one was within call.

**THE** prisoners were seated on the ground, quite close together, their arms—as far as the elbows—secured to stakes behind them; their legs tied to a piece of boarding. Their hands were free and they could turn their heads. Otherwise they seemed to be tightly bound.

The executioner, a watery-eyed, nervous little man with a drooping moustache, at first seemed upset, almost apologetic. He wore a suit of white, the colour of Eastern mourning, and a blood-red cummerbund.

I asked the police officer whether Sarakarn and Sumihta were to be executed together.

"No, sir," he replied. "The orders of the Ministry of the Interior are that the man must be executed first, as he is the first accused. Then the girl, the second accused."

This was dreadful, but there was nothing to be done. The entire arrangement for the execution was out of our hands. We had merely to sign a form stating that it had been duly carried out.

Sarakarn had apparently been drugged, for he had a bemused look, quite different from his usual alert expression. He showed no fear, and even revealed a certain resignation and beatitude. Not so Sumihta. I was told she had refused all artificial aid. She would take neither opium nor alcohol, and her eyes protruded in horror as she turned her head first this way, then that, watching the executioner.



"We're invited to a party!"

That functionary was sharpening his great lemon-shaped sword on a stone and taking his time about it. He eventually got up and, twirling the blade above his head, advanced with rhythmic steps and postures to where Sarakarn was bound. It was not a dance but a death shuffle, for he made exactly the same movements, which must have been traditional, each time he advanced on his victim and each time he retreated.

On the fourth approach he brought down his blade into Sarakarn's neck. Cries of dismay and derision escaped the crowd. The executioner had bungled horribly. It took him two more hurried strokes to achieve his purpose and even then, Sarakarn's head, refusing to fall, hung limply from his shoulders. Sarakarn had definitely been alive after the first stroke. The interminable arguments on capital punishment seemed to race through my mind as I stood there in the heat, wishing to close my eyes but unable to do so.

**T**HE first blow against Sarakarn, although not killing him, released a gush of blood that drenched Sumihta. She gave a terrified scream that seemed hardly human and beat her breasts in agony. On the orders of the police officer she was given an injection in the leg, but it appeared to have no effect. Her fear and frenzy were beyond drugs. The executioner had been angered by the taunting of the crowd and the slur cast on his professional skill. Her eyes dilated with horror, Sumihta watched him retire to the back of the enclosure, where he deliberately drank a bottle of rice spirit, neat.

The drink made a new man of him. No longer the apologetic craven being, he became the chief actor and hero of the scene, determined to win the applause of his audience. He sharpened a fresh sword and started his ritualistic death walk with much firmer steps and with exaggerated postures which made the mob laugh wildly. The spectators were now reacting to his every movement and to his obscene grimaces. It had become a public holiday. The show was on.

He threw his sword in the air and caught it. Cheers rent the air. He executed an imaginary figure with one ferocious swipe. The crowd roared. And then he advanced behind Sumihta who was straining at the ropes binding her in order to catch a glimpse of him. The executioner turned this into a game, dodging her field of vision, coming up close behind her and patting her head. He was now thoroughly enjoying himself and in no hurry to take his bow. Seven times he advanced behind the girl. Each time, believing it to be her last moment, she would clutch her neck and scream as the citizens yelled their delight.

The seventh time he struck with great force and accuracy. Sumihta's head leaped from her shoulders. The crowd burst into a wild ovation.

The two Siamese Judges were tremendously shaken by the scene. One was very sick. We hurriedly signed the papers certifying that Nai Sarakarn and Sumihta had been duly executed.

As we drove away, the crowd fell silent. One of the constables picked up Sumihta's head and reverently stooped to place it again on her delicate shoulders. On the way home we spoke not a word. Each of us was trying to cleanse the frightful nightmare from his mind.

**END**



the name of John Harrison, just in case his pigeon happened to be a pro who would recognize my name. He said he would make arrangements at the desk of the club.

He gave me the background. "We have a group who have been playing bridge regularly together for several years. It's a cut-in game. The stakes sound high, three cents a point, but they aren't actually that high in effect, because we're all about the same caliber. At the end of a year we aren't many dollars apart. We get together every Tuesday night in the card room. We play from eight until about two in the morning. Last year one of the regulars died of a heart attack. A young man named Carl Breton had joined the club a few months before that. He was put up for membership by his employer. Breton works in the accounting department of a local manufacturing plant. He's about 33, a quiet pleasant young man. We knew he played good bridge, but we didn't think he would want to play for those stakes. A year ago we asked him to join us tentatively. He accepted. It brought our roster back up to six, a good number for a cut-in game."

"And ever since that, he has won consistently," I said.

"Precisely. Forty, 60, 100 dollars every Tuesday. We can well afford the loss. We thought for some time that it was because he played better bridge. But our sort of a game gives you plenty to kibitz. I've sat behind him and seen him make mistakes. I have seen him make improper bids. You, of course, understand the game."

"I understand it. And it's one of the tougher games to cheat in. Does he ever lose?"

"Very infrequently, and then it's a small amount. And one night he won \$300. A very exceptional evening for him. We hesitated a long time over calling in . . . an expert."

"Why did you decide he was cheating?"

"He seems to know precisely where every card is before the play of the hand is begun. His finesses work too often. In the long run, without any information from the bidding, a finesse should work 50 per cent of the time. His are closer to 90. He misses once in a while. And, by the same token, his opening leads are . . . pretty devastating."

"That sounds like he was using readers. How about the cards?"

"We start with two new decks every Tuesday evening."

"Examined them afterward?"

"We thought he might be marking them somehow. We can't find any marks."

"I know how to handle it. I'll discover the method. Then you and I will have a private talk with him, Mr. Tellford. He'll resign quietly. You've arranged to get me into the game?"

"The two men who know who you are aren't going to show up tomorrow night. Another member is out of town. So it will be just you and I, Mr. Breton, and a man

## KID WITH THE GOLDEN TOUCH

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named Mueller. We'll cut for partners after each rubber. I'll bring you along to fill in. I thought that would give you the best chance. If you wish, one of the other men could come and then you'd get a chance to sit behind Carl Breton during the . . ."

"I can learn what he's doing by playing with him," I said. I was very confident.

The next night Tellford and I arrived first. It was a pleasant place to play. Green felt table top, low-hanging shaded light, a handy button to push for a drink, smaller tables with ash trays at your elbow. Tellford, for practice, called me John and I called him Dick. Mueller arrived next. Barney Mueller, a big asthmatic man with a wheezing laugh. Carl Breton was the last, apologizing for being a few minutes late. He was a tall, nice-looking young man with a shy pleasant smile.

They played seriously. No small talk. The ripple sound of the cards, the monosyllables of the bidding. I drew Mueller first. It was competent bridge; nothing really tournament class, but nothing to be ashamed of either. I watched Breton's hands, particularly when it was his turn to shuffle, and his turn to deal. He was no mechanic. I could spot that. The fingers of the left hand didn't curl around the cards in the mechanic's grip. Nothing much happened in the first rubber. Mueller and I got ourselves a 900 rubber in five hands.

Then Mueller drew Breton, and I was on Breton's left. They worked tentative bidding up to four spades. I had a legitimate double. Breton played. He needed to make three out of four finesses to fake. He made the full four for an overtrick. I knew he hadn't peeked at my hand. Nor had he had a chance to see my partner's. Tellford gave me a meaningful glance across the table.

**T**ELLFORD was declarer on the next bid. It looked safe. But Breton made a beautiful and unorthodox lead through my dummy strength on an unbid suit. That lead set us. I studied Carl Breton's mannerisms. He played almost woodenly, his face expressionless, lips compressed. He did not seem to glance at the backs of the cards held by the other players. He kept his eyes directed at the center of the table where the light was brightest.

I went through all the tricks I could remember. Like the man who had a cigarette lighter with a mirror surface, and dealt the cards over it, reading the spots and remembering as he dealt rapidly. The bandaged-finger trick, with a sharpened, cut down thumbtack under the bandage to mark each ace and face with a tiny, almost imperceptible, puncture code. Nothing worked. The guy read the cards and he kept on reading them, and I couldn't find out how.

Later I sat in Tellford's car outside the hotel and said, "It's something new. It's a gimmick I've never run into. Mathemati-

cally, what he's doing is impossible. Nobody guesses right that often, in spite of what they claim at Duke University. See if you can arrange a game for tomorrow night, or Thursday night."

"We'd better make it Thursday."

"Okay. If he's that sharp, then he's going to recognize the other forms of cheating. I'll use half the evening trying to spot what he's doing. Then I'll turn mechanic and see if we can get a yelp out of him."

"Why?"

"If he spots it, then changes his style of game and doesn't yelp, it means he's recognizing me as one of the brethren."

**T**HE game was set up. Mueller couldn't play. A man named Howe played. He was one of the ones in on my reason for being there. By 11:30 I hadn't spotted a thing. In my next shuffle, I got a spade into every fourth slot and crimped the deck just enough so that I led Tellford, the man across from me, into the cut I wanted, and Breton into dealing me my 13 spades. I had arranged a later payback, so I used demand bidding to work my way hesitantly into the seven spade contract, happily redoubling Breton's double, which was based on a pair of aces and a couple of outside kings. His partner led and I spread the hand, watching Breton. He gasped and gaped, and I didn't know if it was honest surprise, or a good masking of suspicion. I notched the cards with my thumbnail, second dealt whenever it was my deal, stacked the deck whenever it was my shuffle. I cleaned up, of course. But Breton still went home with 12 dollars, all that was left of what he had won before I turned mechanic.

When we parked in front of the hotel, I sensed that Tellford was disappointed with the service he was getting. I was too disheartened to even try to bluff. I told him I had never missed, and maybe this was the first time; and if so, no fee.

I couldn't sleep. I sat on the edge of the bed and lighted a cigar. I tried to remember what it was, if anything, that set Carl Breton apart from other bridge players. If anything, it was that curious woodenness. After the hand had ended, instead of leaning back and relaxing like most players do, he would stay in that curious immobility. Not for long; for about ten seconds, then you could see him relax and wait for the next hand. Why in the world did he do that?

And there was one other thing. A very vague thing. A sort of cyclical aspect in his guessing. Once in a while he would make bad guesses. Not often. Just once in a while. But what happened each time before one of those hands where his guesses weren't so sharp? Something tugged at my mind.

It wasn't until I was stretched out flat again, cigar finished, that it came to me! His guesses went bad on the second hand following a hand that had been thrown in because there was no bid. I sat up and grinned into the darkness, then lay back and fell asleep.

At ten the next morning I rang the doorbell of Carl Breton's small white house. The lawn was green and tailored. The house looked freshly painted. I knew he was at work. I had checked. The door was opened and the woman wheeled herself back away from it. She was fresh and pretty. She handled the wheel chair in a way that showed long practice. There were a few lines

around her mouth, lines of old pain, I guessed.

"Good morning," I said. "Have you ever forgotten anything?"

"What a weird way to start a conversation," she answered, cocking her head.

I put on a doleful look. "It sure is. But according to the company, that's the way I'm supposed to start out. They claim it works."

She laughed. It was a good laugh. "You poor man! I bet you get tired of saying that. What in the world are you selling?"

"A memory course, Madame. The Acme method of memory building. A half-hour a day of simple instruction and at the end of the course you'll never forget a name or a face. A simple example. You are introduced to a Mrs. Ferris. No. I won't use that example. Please tell me what your name is."

"Dorothy Breton."

"Hmm. That's a tough one. Breton. Let me see. With that blonde hair and that complexion you have sort of a Dutch girl look. Like your hair should be in braids. Braid-on. Breton. Far fetched, I know. But now I've given my memory a key to you. I'll never forget your name."

She gave me a wide-eyed look. "But, goodness, I never forget names anyway."

"Hard to sell, eh?" I was enjoying her. She was likeable. She was having fun. It was time for my jack pot question. "How about your husband then?"

"There," she said, flattening my hopes, "you might have something. He's absolutely helpless. He lays something down and the next minute he can't remember where he put it. He's terrible with names *and* faces."

"Maybe he's my customer then," I said, maintaining my smile with an effort.

She frowned. "I don't know. It's the strangest darn thing about Carl. He can recite a list of all the names of the vice-presidents, and all the pharaohs of Egypt, and if you let him read a list of numbers from here to there, he can read it once and give it to you perfectly an hour later. But he can't ever find his tie clip."

Now I had it, and my smile was complete again. I felt fine. Record unimpaired. "You ought to buy him the course, Mrs. Breton, and make sure that he takes it."

"Did you say 30 days? I won't be around that long. I'm going off next week for some hatchet work. They're trying to get me off wheels." She said it without the slightest trace of self-consciousness.

"Are they going to?" I asked her.

"Sooner or later. But it's so darn slow, and so darn expensive. It keeps us broke most of the time, but Carl doesn't kick. He's a dear. Would you like some coffee? I've got some on the stove."

**W**E talked in the kitchen. She had a good attitude. It had been a bad accident. Compound fractures of both legs. The car had skidded and thrown her against the door, the door had opened and she had gone out. She had braced her feet during the skid so they were caught behind the heater. And she made good coffee. They had two kids, both in grade school. Each time she went to Philadelphia for more bone surgery they had to hire a housekeeper.

She wished me luck in my door-to-door selling. I walked down the street and looked back at the house. A nice flavor of happiness there. Made me think of old days, of

chances lost, of a girl whose hair had been just a bit darker than Dorothy Breton's, and of a stupid guy who wanted to get out of that small town for keeps . . .

I checked out of the hotel, left my suitcase at the station, and went to the bank to see Tellford. He had a nice office. The bank was busy. A rustling sound, as if everybody was counting money.

I sat down and said, "Well, I've got it."

He nodded, his eyes narrowing. "Hoped you would. What is it?"

"I know exactly what he's doing and how. But I'm not going to tell you."

His eyes turned very frosty. I was glad I wasn't asking him for a loan. "I think you'd better explain that."

"What Breton is doing is perfectly ethical, legitimate, legal. Any of you other gentlemen could do the same thing." I paused, then sank the barb, praying that it was deep enough. I shrugged, to make it a little better. "You men can always stop playing with him. Protect your money. But if you can find out what he does, you might all become better bridge players. Tournament class, maybe. Good day, Mr. Tellford."

**H**E didn't stop me. I got on my train. I sat in the coach, looked out of the window and felt a good deal of admiration for Mr. Carl Breton. He had to play each hand carefully and well, keeping track of the cards. And at the same time he had to remember the sequence of the cards in each trick that was picked up, see exactly in what order they were picked up. He had to remember two sequences. The opposition's tricks and his own. Then see the order in which the two stacks of tricks were placed. That time of wooden immobility was when he re-affixed the order of the whole deck of cards in his mind. Then, almost incredibly, he had to set that sequence aside and give his whole attention to the other deck, the one to be played with next, the order of which he had previously memorized.

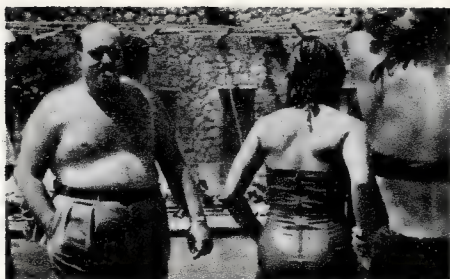
Check it yourself. Take a new deck in order. Give it the same casual shuffle and cut as you would in a game with friends. Deal out four hands. Pick up one. Got the queen of hearts? Then nine times out of ten the king will be either in the hand on your left, or in your partner's hand. If you have to finesse, you know which way to go.

My best clue was the way his guesses were more shaky two hands after a hand had been thrown in. The double shuffle of the discarded hand distributed the sequence too much. And no wonder the guy acted wooden and remote. Each hand he played was an almost incredible feat of multiple memory. For, during each hand he had to remember the old sequence of those same cards so he could play cleverly. And he had to remember the order in which the tricks were being stacked. And, back in his mind, he had to keep on file the sequence of the cards which would be used for the next hand. The boy was earning his money.

I wondered if I was getting soft. I had decided to tell Tellford a neat way he could lick the method. Three more rifles on each shuffle. Then I said nothing. I couldn't collect a fee. I didn't want it. Let them sweat it out. They had the time and the money and the brains. Sooner or later they would catch on.

But by then maybe Breton would have his lady off wheels.

**END**



# THE KING WHO COLLECTS WOMEN

continued from page 20

the women who have visited his bed report that he's a nice fellow. In his own way he treats a girl quite well, often spending fantastic sums of money just to please her while he indulges his lustful appetites. Once, while he was still on Egypt's throne, he boarded the biggest of his royal yachts and scoured the Mediterranean coast to see what it had to offer in the way of feminine curves. It was Farouk's boast that this boat slept as many as 20 female companions at one time.

A permanent fixture in Rome's champagne circuit, Farouk's wolf whistle is as familiar a sound as the city's famous church bells. Sometimes he's seen with as many as three different women a night. Yet no woman ever really can claim his attention for very long. Though his hunger seems insatiable, variety is the spice of his life. Take the time he set up a lavish love nest for the belly dancer, Tahia Karim. She boasted to her friends that she'd one day be "the woman who will carry the future crown prince." But the well formed Tahia got her walking papers just as soon as another maiden fell before the tubby playboy's heavy paws.

**DURING** the years Farouk has racked up a number of notable conquests. At one resort he set aside a special room in his hotel suite for the curvaceous Paris cafe singer, Aimee Berryer. She was shipped to Cairo for an extended nightclub engagement after he got bored. Another time he picked up his old friend, crotch dancer Samia Gamal, who provided him with private performances of her best number, Virgin of the Nile. But it was Samia who provided the brush-off when she exchanged nuptial vows with a Texan.

Perhaps Farouk's most eye-lifting affair was the one he had with a Neapolitan beauty contest winner, a fantastically upholstered blonde by the name of Irma Capece Minutolo. Irma caught Farouk's fancy when she was 16-years-old, while in a Bikini bathing suit on the Isle of Capri. Later the honey-tressed beauty managed to wiggle past the king at Canzone del Mare in a way that left no doubt as to the quality of her sugar and spice. Not too long after that, the former Miss Naples proceeded to exercise an almost hypnotic power over the royal playboy. He launched her in Rome society. He threw party after party in her honor. Her slightest whim was his order. He lavished attention on her like a college boy on a bottle of beer.

When the ex-king finally said good-by to the lovely blonde it was with four limousines, a crate of jewelry and enough flashy clothes to outfit three seasons of the Folies Bergere. "For the daughter of a poor taxicab driver," Irma told a reporter from the newspaper *Paese-Sera*, "I don't think I did so bad. You can quote me and say that the king is really a nice man."

Even though every woman with whom he has done business with praises him highly Farouk is perhaps the most despised celebrity

in the world. There are few people in Italy, not to mention the Arab World, who do not consider him a genuine, 24-carat heel.

Ironical indeed, that he himself is obsessed with a fantastic compulsion to be liked. In public the king always makes it a point to be pleasant and charming and invariably keeps a smile painted below his mustache.

Perhaps the one factor that gave him more notoriety than anything else was his hobby. Farouk is a collector, but not in the ordinary sense of the word. And it wasn't until he had abandoned his throne, in July, 1952, that the world was to find out just what kind of collector that meant: Farouk had accumulated thousands of nude photos, magic-lantern slides, suggestive paintings; 400 decks of cards with girly pictures; pornographic manuscripts and books; obscene amulets; hundreds of stag movies; off-color statues and erotic murals; French postcards by the ton, and a variety of other purple objects which could only have been sought by a mind that had sunk to the deepest sexual abyss. It was indeed no sage statesman who owned that collection, which was considered the most extensive of all time. In his own manner, Farouk had mocked his own name: Farouk means, "one who carefully distinguishes between right and wrong."

Two years after Farouk's hasty departure from Egypt, the greater part of his collection was sold at public auction in Cairo. In the sale was the piece he had perhaps valued more than any other, a pair of diamond-studded snuff boxes which had once been owned by Frederick the Great. These were purchased by Italy's top jeweler, Bulgari of Rome, for \$130,000. Because Farouk insists that that collection is still legally his, he is suing everybody who purchased items at the auction, including Bulgari. Some Egyptians believe that many of the objects sold were bought up by Farouk's own agents, and he has most of them in his present home on the outskirts of Rome, the Villa Dusmet, a secluded seaside estate formerly belonging to Italian actor Amedeo Nazzari.

**FAROUK** was born in Cairo on February 11, 1920, the only son of Fuad I, last Khedive of Egypt. The ruling dynasty was founded by an Albanian soldier of fortune who became Viceroy of Egypt in 1805. Among Farouk's favorite ancestors was his grandpa, Khedive Ismail, a lusty potentate who maintained a harem of over 3,000 women and who forfeited his life while showing off: One night, in front of his girls, he tried to gulp down two bottles of champagne in 60 seconds, and it killed him.

An expert horseman in his youth, being able to tame the most spirited mount, Farouk was also an enthusiastic tennis player, a nimble gymnast and a fairly skilled boxer. He was, and still is, an expert shot with rifle and pistol. A chief Boy Scout, young Farouk was the kind of heir-to-the-

throne of which the Egyptian masses were inordinately proud. Unfortunately, something happened to the promising prince, and he never quite recouped from his ways of waste.

A half-year after Farouk had left for the Royal Military Academy in England, his father passed away, and he had to return to Cairo. He was 15-years-old then, a slender, good-looking kid as deeply religious as any Moslem and a serious student of the Koran. Under the temporary three-man regency, his subjects literally worshipped him. At the age of 17, in 1937, he assumed Egypt's ancient throne and six months later married the 17-year-old daughter of his mother's lady-in-waiting. Farouk was showered with genuine public admiration for a number of superb political acts.

**ON** the day of his wedding, for instance, he made a gesture that established him as an idol. He had gone to a mosque to pray, and as he bent to kneel, attendants rushed to slide a new prayer rug underneath him. But the youth magnanimously brushed them back and said, "In the house of Allah, all are equal!" Then he leaned over to an old workman using a tattered carpet and asked if he could borrow it.

As the calendar ticked off the months, however, Farouk lost contact with his people. Their complex problems seemed no longer to touch him as much as they used to. It's hard to understand the changes in this man without judging the outside forces which prevailed upon him, for corruption and intrigue had long been part of the court life of Egypt. Because the land of Cleopatra was so strategically situated, the heads of other countries tried to gain Farouk's confidence and control his attitudes.

The most successful were members of Benito Mussolini's embassy in Cairo. They probably had more to do with launching the young man on his career of debauchery than is generally supposed. The Italians, clever in the ways of human weaknesses, buttered the inexperienced Farouk not only with all kinds of Latin flattery, but provided him with a constant parade of the most skilled Italian courtesans.

Il Duce's gifts of pulchritude from across the Mediterranean worked like a charm, to say the least, but they also emphasized the fact that Farouk's wife, Farida, had borne him three daughters and no sons. Egypt, therefore, faced the embarrassing prospect of having no male heir for the succession to the throne. Not only that, but by 1941 it dawned upon the high-living Farouk that there was a war on—or why else would Great Britain send him a pair of excellent shotguns and Hitler a specially built luxury auto. Even President Roosevelt let Farouk know that nothing was too good for the ruler whose very backyard included a canal named Suez.

Overtures of this stature gave King Farouk an inflated sense of superiority. The big shots of the world needed him, and although he often played one against the other, in time he garnered contempt for the British and allowed it to grow.

Most of this came about when England was gamely defending Egypt from General Rommel's Nazi desert troops while Farouk was in the process of appointing a pro-

(Continued on page 48)

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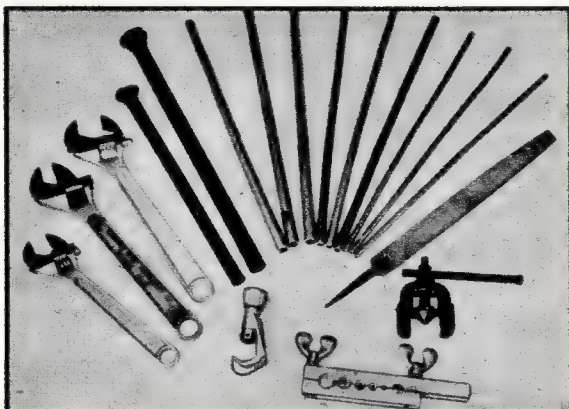
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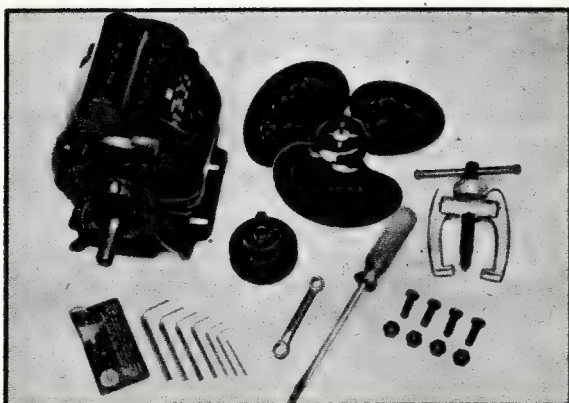
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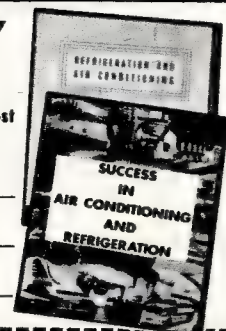
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Fascist prime minister. The Britons sent their ambassador to the Egyptian palace: He indicated the scores of Allied tanks outside the window and asked the king to kindly appoint a more compatible premier or abandon the throne. Refusing the latter alternative, Farouk appointed a different premier, but not before His Royal Highness let off a sufficient quantity of princely steam.

**AS** the fighting receded from Egypt's borders, Farouk let it be known that he regarded himself as a political and spiritual leader of the world's 300,000,000 Moslems. But the other Arab potentates took an extremely dim view of this. It was then that he settled down to the chore of leading the carefree existence of a playboy.

He started by getting fatter, by eating like a pig. For him it was the beginning of the end. In 1952, after Egypt lost a war with Israel and the waters of discontent lapped closer and closer to the doors of his palace, a military junta approached the wastrel and asked him whether he preferred to depart Egypt with or without his head.

On July 26, 1952, King Farouk left Alexandria aboard the royal yacht, *Mahroussa* with over 200 trunks and his favorite toothbrush. Destination? The Isle of Capri and a \$500-a-day suite at the Eden Paradiso Hotel.

When his yacht reached Italy, Farouk wept openly.

"I am no longer a rich man," he told reporters who didn't share his sad feelings.

Aboard *Mahroussa* was King Farouk's second wife, Queen Narriman, whom he had acquired in a typical Farouk manner: Having signed a decree in 1948 which cut him loose from his first wife, Farouk began to play the female circuit with a vengeance. His tastes ran from belly dancers to school teachers. But one day while buying a present for one of his passing fiancées, he was literally bowled over by 16-year-old Narriman Sadek, who was in the store selecting a ring for her forthcoming wedding.

It mattered little to Farouk that Narriman was already spoken for. As of that moment Miss Sadek was labeled for Farouk's bed-

chamber. Her boyfriend, a Harvard-trained diplomat, was eased out of the situation by methods known best to Oriental potentates, and Farouk announced he was going to marry lovely Narriman. In time she bore him the son Egypt craved for.

But son or no son, Farouk kept himself "available," as far as women were concerned. In Italy, Farouk continued to be an irreverent pecker at abbreviated swim-suits. These shenanigans didn't cut well with his Queen-in-exile. In 1953 Narriman decided she had had enough and divorced him.

The break came at an embarrassing time, for a leading woman's magazine in the United States had just published the first instalment of a series of articles under Narriman's name describing her "wedded bliss" with the exiled monarch. Farouk keeps the articles in a plastic portfolio because they tell, in glowing words, of the sterling qualities of his character; though at that time the newspapers were full of Queen Narriman's quotations as to what a lowdown individual he really was.

**WITH** pesky Narriman out of the way, Farouk's compulsion for members of the opposite sex became even stronger. Close associates say that he is probably a sick man and is badly in need of psychiatric attention. His sexually uninhibited ways and his appetite for conquest amaze even the free-swinging playboys of both the Italian and French Rivieras.

But no matter how famed his lechery is, there are some observers who claim that Farouk's eating practices beat anything yet known in this century. That familiar roly-poly figure of his was shaped by an incredible hunger. When eating he looks like some monster machine shoving food into its mouth.

On the day Farouk granted me his first interview, I sat across from him at Rome's best known American restaurant, The Colony, which is his daytime hangout. I was utterly flabbergasted watching him demolish his lunch! He packed away a stack of lamb chops, half a chicken, a platter of creamed meat patties, side dishes of French-fried potatoes, peas, artichokes, rice and chopped

chicken livers; he topped this off with a dessert that consisted of peaches, pomegranates and bananas. During the course of the meal he drank huge quantities of orange juice.

Farouk has been known to eat around the clock. During his reign, he often visited all of his four palaces and 12 mansions in the course of 24 hours, and ate tremendous meals in each one.

Despite his love of eating and nightclubbing, Farouk never touches alcohol. He doesn't drink whisky, rum or gin because it is against his Moslem faith.

"I just don't care for the taste," he adds. "So I drink freely of all types of fruit juices. It's good for the health."

Around Rome Farouk drives a dark maroon Mercedes-Benz on which he has installed a horn that sounds like the screeching of a tortured dog. He usually dresses in a dark, pin-striped, double-breasted suit and wears skin-fitting brown gloves. Though he is not flashy as a dresser, he is always immaculately clothed. He always wears a hat or a fez (the fez indoors), mostly to hide a rapidly balding head. He makes up for the lack of hair on his head by growing, and carefully cultivating, scraggly mustaches. On ceremonial occasions, ex-King Farouk likes to put on a lot of gold braid, medals, silk bands, epaulets and embroidery, and all of it naturally makes him look twice as fat.

Farouk, who speaks four languages well (including English), doesn't abide by any superstitions, except that he has always had a fetish for the letter F. He loves the letter and makes a big to-do about it whenever he can. His father's first name began with an F, while his four sisters had names like Fawzia, Fika, Faiza and Fathia. Farouk in turn named his children Faida, Ferial, Fawzia and Fuad. When he married his first wife, he changed her name from Safinaz to Farida.

**THE** British press has made a big thing of this F-fetish of his and never lets up on it. Pointing out that His Highness certainly picked out the right letter of the alphabet to emphasize inasmuch as he's fat, friendless, forlorn, fickle and frustrated.

But one word the British have never called him is fool. Banker Winthrop Aldrich, a diplomat at the Court of St. James, once said of King Farouk after a long conversation with him . . . "he knows more about international gold movements than any layman I have ever spoken to." Farouk obviously appreciates the power of a dollar sign; though he doesn't stint on beautiful women and rich food, he does when it comes to nickles and dimes.

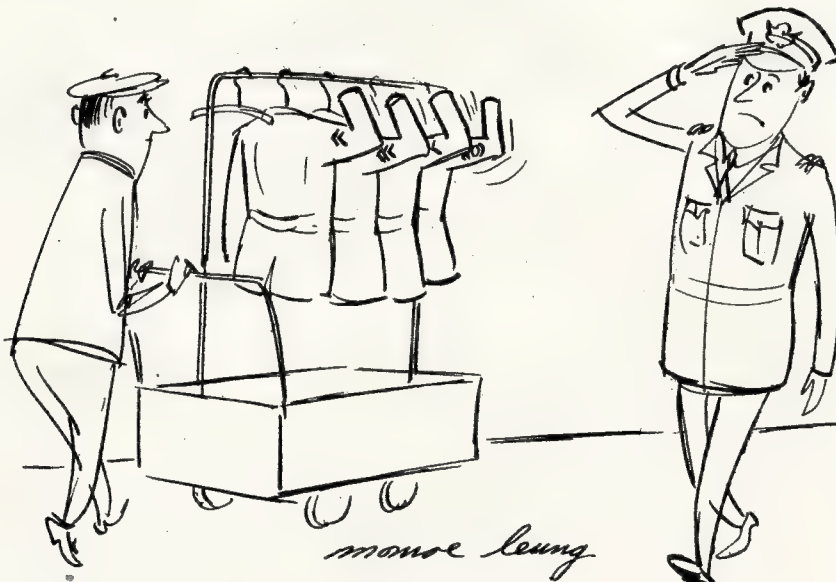
Known as a poor tipper in Rome's restaurants, he will think nothing of leaving a 50 lire tip (eight cents in American money) after a 12-course dinner that has run his waiter bowlegged. At home he often slips into the kitchen to count the coke bottles in the refrigerator. Let one be missing and he screams bloody murder at his servants.

A few months ago at the Deauville Casino, where he has been known to blow as much as \$3,000 on the turn of a card, he bought a 50 cent pass which allows a person to observe, not gamble. Later, when Farouk wanted to risk a few chips after all, he purchased a full-privilege admission ticket—and spent half an hour wading through a snarl of red tape to get back his half a buck.

"I have to be careful," he reported.

That night he lost \$40,000.

**END**



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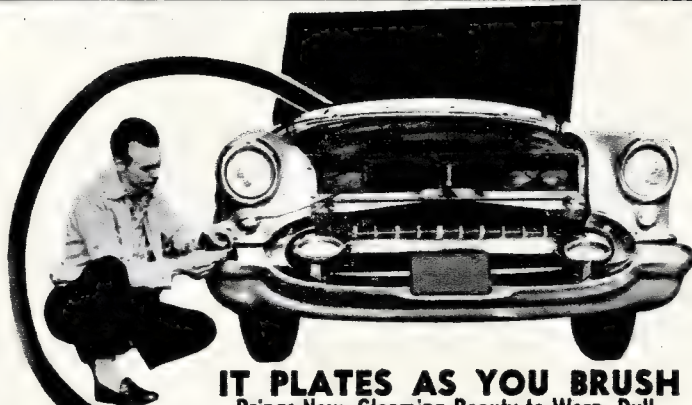
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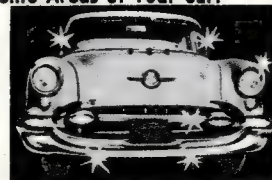
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## DUMBO JOHN'S DOUBLE RESCUE

continued from page 23

sighed. "We can't afford to lose three pilots."

As his staffer moved away, McCain consolately flopped into a swivel seat and again stared at the Pacific. To the west was the *Missouri*, her signal bridge a flurry of movement as signalmen sent messages to the fleet. The *Missouri* carried the battle flag of Fleet Admiral William Halsey, the Bull who carried the ball. The safety of TF 38 devolved to John McCain, a monumental task, for it included the safety of the much-needed airmen as well as ships and their crew. Halsey's doctrine was to hit hard and get out. Now it was getting-out time, and as much as McCain wished he could delay and possibly save three lives, this delay could well result in disaster. This was kamikaze territory. If a man ditched, he ditched until a Dumbo, sub or even Jap destroyer picked him up—if he was lucky.

McCain's seamed and weatherbeaten face stared at the outermost reaches of his authority. Beyond the last destroyer, a single PBV was spiraling lazily in the hazy sunlight. He watched the plane until his aide returned. Then he said:

"Whose is that, ours or theirs?"

"Theirs, Sir. Army gave us two PBV's today," the aide reported. "That's the other plane I was telling you about, Sir."

"Give him a growl!" the Admiral said tersely. "Tell him we'll supply fighter cover!"

IN the PBV circling McCain's picket, First Lieutenant John E. Rairigh stared vacantly at the flotilla. Rairigh was wondering when the tin can would cut him free. He was chewing on the frayed stump of an unlit cigar that had been in his mouth most of the day, and his eyes burned from staring at the sea for 10 hours. As he banked the big rescue amphibian, he watched the destroyer with renewed interest. The can was coming about, her streak of silver wake twisting in a widening arc. The lieutenant grinned and tapped his co pilot, First Lieutenant Ted Zelinko. Zelinko was standing over him with a cup of lukewarm coffee. Rairigh pointed at the destroyer.

"The barn, boy. The man says the barn!"

Staff Sergeant Bob Fairfield, the PBV's radioman, came forward to the controls. "Carrier's trying to raise us, Skipper! He's got an Urgent!"

Rairigh flipped on his receiver. The message boomed in. The carrier would lend moral support by supplying a two-fighter cover; would the Army Dumbo kindly oblige by relieving a couple of fighters over Maizuru? The fighters were covering a ditched carrier pilot, and the closest Dumbo didn't have gas. Rairigh's blue eyes flashed swiftly at his own gas gauges. Maizuru? He looked at Zelinko. Then he snapped:

"Wilco! Dumbo Two-Zed-Zero, Roger!"

Slowly, Rairigh swung the big two-motored Dumbo away from the task force. He killed the coffee, then snapped on the

intercom. Calmly, evenly, he told his six-man crew of the mission. Nobody said anything—nobody would, either.

As the *Yorktown* slowly disappeared, the plane bore eastward by north. A brace of Hellcats roared up from below and wiggled the amphibian. Rairigh did a slow jiggle and clamped down on his cigar. His navigator, Bob McDaniel, gave him his exact heading and at 110 knots, flying at 1,500 feet, the PBV lumbered toward Japan.

Another message came in from the carrier: "How're you fixed for juice?"

Rairigh replied succinctly: "Enough!"

Enough for what, though, he didn't say. He glanced at Ted Zelinko who was staring at the gas gauges. Again the booming radio of COMTASFOR 38 snapped off a succession of instructions. These concerned his escorts. At a designated time they were to quit the Dumbo and relieve the fighters over the ditched plane. The time was instantly, and it meant that Rairigh would have to fly over Honshu without cover. He felt a pounding emptiness in the pit of his stomach as he squeezed forward in his seat.

"Take 'er," he said to the co pilot. "I'll go back and palaver with the hired help. They've been ready for something like this a long time."

In January, 1942, John Rairigh's bride pinned his wings on and kissed him goodbye. Pilots were expressed to the war zone non-stop in those days: Rairigh was shipped to Keesler Field, Mississippi, presumably for advanced training. For the newly brevetted First Lieutenant, whose wife's home was in Biloxi, it was like having an egg in his beer. Flight by day, bride by night.

A year later, Rairigh was still at Keesler Field. He was training squadron crews, and he had his own crew assigned to a yet unfinished PBV. He studied multi-engines and worked out with the antiquated Catalinas and TBF's available to the school. In the summer of 1944, still an instructor at Keesler, the Pennsylvania Dutchman and his disgruntled crew were finally flown up to Canada where they took possession of a Vickers-Chalmers PBV. They named the plane Dumbo John.

Then, shortly before Christmas, 1944, Louise Rairigh presented her spouse with a daughter, Barbara, a blue-eyed blonde. It was, for Rairigh, just about the most excitement since he'd enlisted. And he was just getting accustomed to Barbara's lusty lungs when the Army Air Force apparently remembered his serial number. Two weeks after the birth of his offspring, his orders came through. The big PBV took off for Saipan at the end of January, 1945, her crew of seven soldiers a little stunned by the suddenness of it all.

There followed routine navigational flights and bombing runs over Rota and Guguan. Then they were in it. Assigned to cover the strikes and to recoup downed fliers, the

Dumbo John hauled 38 American pilots from the drink in a precious few days. "It isn't exactly combat," Rairigh wrote almost apologetically, "but it's the next thing to it . . ." At 5:30, July 30th, as the first burst of flak jarred his PBV, Rairigh noted in his flight log, "That Biloxi duty, it wasn't really so bad . . ."

They were 12 miles offshore, circling high. In the dying rays of the sun, the surface of the water glistened in an unbroken expanse of silver. The wind was from the offshore, a factor that further tightened the knot in the Dumbo pilot's throat. It meant that in landing, they'd be heading directly into the beach for the worst of the Jap ack ack. Then a Hellcat buzzed them on the radio. Zelinko took it.

"How about trying to the north? Nothin' here!" the Hellcat called.

"When you guys relieved," Zelinko droned, "where was this zoomie?"

"Bout here, Dumbo! Don't you guys see wreckage?"

"Negative. Negative. We're working to the north next . . ."

"Dye marker!"

ABRUPTLY a flash of light coruscated on the Catalina's port wing. Rairigh, Zelinko and McDaniel saw it simultaneously. Their zoomie was directly below, riding a trough in a Mae West and signalling frantically with his mirror. The Catalina swung again, circling at 50 feet. The four crewmen raced to their lifesaving stations at the door, readying a line. Then the radio crashed again:

"Dumbo! Standby for a ram!" the Hellcat shouted. "Jap destroyer heading up from the west!"

Rairigh's head swiveled.

"Two men on guns—fast!"

The destroyer was coming with a bone in her teeth. "Mac!" he shouted at his navigator. "Run back and help those guys!"

The Hellcats chattered briefly, then screamed down to absorb the heavy caliber fire of the onrushing destroyer. Attacking in concert, their tracers spewing up running founts of red-and-white, the Navy fighters blanketed the tin can and it zig-zagged wildly. But its machine gun fire was reserved for Rairigh's Dumbo and as the Pennsylvania Dutchman wig-wagged his downed aviator and came into the wind, the first enemy tracers lashed savagely at him. There was a sudden rending crash, the tearing of fabric and the calm voice of tail gunner Haig announcing:

"We're gettin' holed back here, Skipper. Drop her down a notch. I wanna give that son-of-a-bitch whatfor . . ."

Rairigh sucked in his breath, his wet hands easing the stick forward. The Jap, all guns firing, was maneuvering to get between the downed pilot and his plane. His own gunners cut loose then as he skimmed low over the waves, heading directly into the beach fire and over the destroyer. Above, the Navy fliers were cutting loose with everything they had, and the combination of the fighter-amphib gun power disconcerted the Jap. Tracers spiralled around his wings as he smacked the water. The destroyer was behind him now.

The big Catalina bounced along the tops of five-foot waves, shuddering and groaning as Rairigh slowed and finally taxied

(Continued on page 52)

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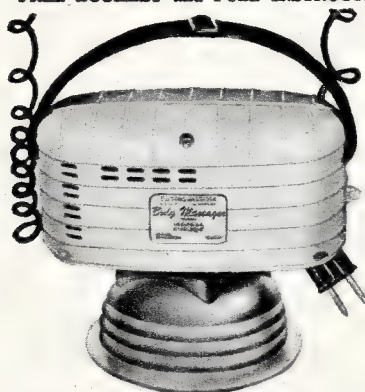
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after a day's hard work

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toward the spot of thrashing yellow. The tail and top gunners fled their stations and raced to the door. Spray splashed across the windshield as the amphib lumbered toward the man in the water. Then geysers of anti-aircraft fire from the beach began punching in around the rescue plane. Obviously Rairigh maneuvered the PBY so that the zoomie was given a lee.

"Coming up on the pilot!" Standby!" he roared.

The door was kicked open. Rairigh had a glimpse of a ghostly pale face bobbing alongside the Catalina. He heard Fairfield shouting to the pilot, "Here it comes! Grab it!" He heard McDaniel shouting, "Take a strain!! All together, take a strain..."

"Captain!" Fitherton raced forward. "Kick her to port. Too much sea runnin' and we can't haul in the guy!"

Rairigh grunted, came left on one engine, kicking the rudder. "How's it now?" he bellowed. "How's it now?"

From the door where six men were frantically heaving manila lines, somebody shouted: "More left rudder—MORE!"

Then one of the lines snagged the flier. Staring through the windshield, Rairigh winced as he saw the renewed, bracketing fire of the tin can. There was more shooting now despite the banshee going on in the sky. The radio wheezed:

"I'm hit! I'm gonna ditch!"

Across the sky to the north one of the Hellcats was streaking a trace of flame, wobbling crazily. Rairigh blasted back that he was on his way as soon as they fished the zoomie out. He heard the grateful groan of the fighter pilot as the latter fired a last burst at the destroyer:

"Man," the flier droned. "Ain't this poetic justice..."

From the second Hellcat: "I'll cover you, Hank! Ditch gentle!"

"Hurry up! For Christ sake, hurry up!" Rairigh groaned. The six men wrestling in the first pilot shouted in unison. Rairigh's heart sank. They had him and they didn't. Parted line. He squeezed the sweat out of his eyes with the back of his fist and began

the long, circular run for the pilot. Again he caught a flash of a man's face. The destroyer was coming in fast, spray busting over her bow. There were flames masking one turret forward, and more flames shooting up from the starboard side of the bridge, but she was coming, spitting death. He heard the snarl of the lone Hellcat and a long, staccato burst of cannon.

"Get my buddy, Dumbo! Hurry up and get my buddy before I run out of ammo!"

McDaniel pulled in Lieutenant (jg) Donald Penn, suffering from shock, contusions and exposure. The door slammed shut. The amphib thundered and slapped hard in the troughs as Rairigh pulled into the wind and directly across the path of the destroyer. On the tail gun, Haig, and on the midships turret, Fitherton, cut loose coordinated harassing fire as the lumbering flying boat crushed against the sea. Rairigh's body jerked forward in his seat, feeling the immense push of the boat as he opened the throttle wide. He couldn't see the water for the tracers, and he couldn't hear the shouting behind him for the sound of puncturing fusilage. "Get up! Get up, you sweet, fat son-of-a-bitch! Please, please, get up!" he groaned.

THE plane cleared the destroyer's stern by 300 yards, and going away at 50 feet with a rakish up-angle. The pilot clawed his stick, praying, listening to the full throated roar of his two motors. The lone Hellcat clawed the destroyer, a 2,500-ton Fukuri, raking her broadside with tracers and Rairigh cheered into the speaker. Two miles to the southwest was the busted up Hellcat. He swung the plane around and again into the wind, taxied for a landing. From the shore, a six-inch coastal battery commenced rapid fire at the Hellcat and its would-be rescuer.

"Dumbo!" the Navy pilot snarled. "More company—there's another destroyer reaching for you!"

Rairigh goosed the PBY through the slop, silently cursing the coastal gunners. It was almost dark. He caught a flash of running lights and then heard the concussive thunder of a broadside. Shells began screaming over

the wallowing Catalina, and a couple of them crashed through the midships section. The plane heeled violently as he accelerated. Behind him a man became hysterical, and another man shouted, "He's hit! He's all busted up. Give him a shot of morphine, quick!" There was, too, behind him, the acrid stench of cordite.

McDaniel, Zelinko and Fairfield were tossing out burning bits of plane. They had the pilot moved three-quarters of the way forward. He was unconscious now. Blood was spurting from a gash on the Sergeant's face, but Fairfield insisted on helping with the jettisoning.

"Everything goes!" Rairigh bellowed. "Get those ammo boxes dumped, heave out the rescue crates! I see the zoomie now, standby!"

Lt. (jg) Henry J. O'Meara came aboard the hard way. He had lines twisted around him and he just about pulled Ted Zelinko overboard as the latter crawled almost entirely out to snag him.

"Hellcat!" Rairigh roared into the radio speaker. "If you've got anything left, now's the time to shoot it. I've got to pass between both cans to get up."

The fighter plane screamed down, all guns firing. The fighter gurgled, "All of me, why not take all of me!"

The rescue plane throttled fast toward the beach into the flickering red blobs of the shore battery. Rairigh blinked hard. The wheel almost came away in his lap as he kept working it, kicking the torn rudder. On the two .50's, shouting and firing, terrified gunners stared up at the impossible sight of two destroyers, on either side of them—so close, though, that neither destroyer could depress its guns and fire at the PBY. The destroyers converged and the plane was between them.

In the near darkness, Rairigh looked up and saw men running around on deck, switching from the heavy caliber guns to machine guns. From the stinger, Sergeant Haig bellowed ecstatically, "That's two—that's three—that's four for us!"

Rairigh saw a sailor spin around in a complete circle and flop limply over a bridge railing. His head jerked to the right and he bit through his lips and prayed as the knifing bow of the can veered onto his motors. He kicked the rudder hard left, full throttle, and the plane kept bouncing and punching up. "Throw out everything! For God's sake, everything!"

The lumbering Catalina passed over both destroyers and headed directly into the beach, boring up at a crazy angle. The Hellcat blistered the second destroyer and its pilot, screaming at the top of his lungs, told him to climb straight up even if his god-damned wings tore off.

Rairigh climbed. He felt the big plane tremble apoplectically as more flak slivered her underpinning, but somehow she kept going. Tears and sweat fused in his eyes as he rocked, praying, beefing the ancient plane until the beach and the ground became as indistinct as a topographical map. And he kept on climbing. Then he levelled off at 1,500 feet and started back across Japan.

The two Hellcatters were stretched out, being treated by his crewmen. Two men were wounded, but nobody was dead which compounded his miracle by an incalculable



"They're charged with running a floating crap game."

(Continued on page 54)

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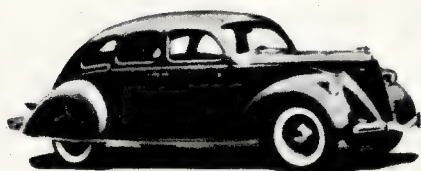
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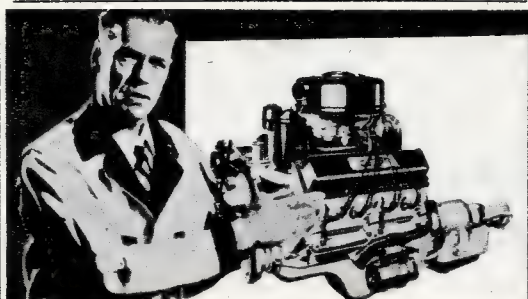


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per cent. Rairigh fell back, limp, trembling as Ted Zelinko climbed in behind the stick. McDaniel called the heading to the fleet. Nobody talked. Nobody was able to talk. After a while, one of the sergeants tried to get the hot plate to work but all the wiring had been shot away. The holes in the PBV's tail were shored with flight jackets and pieces of flooring.

After a couple of hours, John Rairigh put in a call to the carrier. He was flying over open sea. He needed a place to land; did anybody have any suggestions for a Dumbo with no place to go and no gas to get there with? On the flagship, Admiral Halsey read the message to TF 38 relayed over from McCain. The night was moonless and heavily overcast.

"Get ready to swing ship and give that Dumbo a lee!" Halsey thundered. "Good God, what a man!"

Dumbo John's escort reached his carrier first, and when he was lifted out of his flimsy aircraft he sobbed the details of the rescue.

"I don't know what keeps him up!" the fighter said to Admiral McCain. "Jesus and glue . . ."

At 10:30 the heavy, irregular rumbling of a two-motored Catalina was heard in the overcast. The sea was rough, visibility less than 100 feet. Halsey ordered Admiral Radford, his aide at the time, to talk in the Army man.

"Tell him we'll flip on *Missouri's* searchlight as we swing. Tell him to come into the light."

Rairigh followed instructions. Zelinko put a cigar in his skipper's mouth and squeezed his arm gently. Rairigh blinked at the sudden blaze of light that was diffused by vapor.

"I can't see anything," he said hoarsely. He got on his intercom. He said, "We're over the fleet, descending. Grab something and hold on!"

The PBV dropped to the lowest layer, and then lower. The Pacific was white-capped, frosted by the *Missouri's* powerful beam. Easing the stick forward, Rairigh set the big plane down in the middle of the Mo's partial slick and retched violently. The rest was a maze of bursting hysteria and uncontrollable laughter. It went on and on, even after the destroyer picked up every man from the riddled Dumbo, and it became necessary to sink the plane with gunfire. Then the laughter turned to a silent mourning for a deceased friend.

**T**HE Navy gave Lieutenant Rairigh the Admiral's cabin. Then the Admiral, Radford, gave him a uniform and a razor. And another Admiral, McCain, expressed his overwhelming admiration for his courage and devotion to duty. The third Admiral, Halsey, on hearing the entire story, awarded Rairigh the Navy Cross for "extraordinary heroism under fire," and Bronze Star medals to his crew. The one-day shooting war of the Dumbo John ended with the successful completion of its mission. By the time Task Force 38 pulled into port, the war with Japan was over. As far as anybody could remember, it was the first time in U.S. naval history that an Army lieutenant decorated with a Navy Cross, strode down a gangway in an Admiral's uniform. But on Rairigh it looked good.

**END**



not dare to report to the police, for she was wanted for theft.

It was with him on another occasion, when a woman actually went to the police and complained that Peter Kürten had assaulted her and tried to strangle her.

"He gave you his proper name and address?" asked the judge.

"Yes. Peter Kürten."

"Well, what happened?"

"They said nobody by that name lived in that place."

**A**ND that was exactly what had happened. A clerical slip up; it was not till six months later that the record was put right. If a clerk had not fallen asleep over his ledger, the murders that Peter Kürten was left to commit would not have taken place.

How then did retribution come to him in the end? Did Peter Kürten at last commit that trivial mistake which trips up all outlaws, however cunning they are, however obstinately luck goes with them? It was not a mistake; it was an accident—an accident that a young woman, Maria Budlick had a tentative memory.

Kürten had taken Maria to his house in the Mettmäaernerstrasse. Mark that name well, for it was the name that contrived Kürten's undoing. On this occasion the sabre-toothed cat had played his mouse a little too long, or the mouse was showing more fight than usual. Perhaps, too, Frau Kürten would be home soon from her job and the thought produced in Kürten an unaccustomed twinge of conscience.

"We'll make love another time," he said, rising to his feet. "Let's go for a walk to the Glen."

Maria rose, and followed him, the glaze still in her eyes. He was adept in love, and all its preliminaries. But in the Glen he struck with all his twisted fury. He grabbed her neck and began to choke her.

"Do you know where you are?" asked Kürten. "Go on, scream! Scream, I tell you! It won't do you any good!"

Maria's eyeballs were popping from her head. Her lips were turning blue. Kürten relaxed his grip. He would like to meet this young woman a second time. He liked the feel of her throat. You can kill your victim only once.

"Do you remember where I live?" he suddenly thrust out at her. "You might need my help some time," he explained.

Kürten's moment had struck. For Maria *did* remember the name of the street. She had seen it in the wan glare of a street lamp. She remembered, but she lied.

"No," she gasped. "I don't remember. Tell me."

He did not tell her, of course. He took her to the edge of the Glen where you could see the city. She could live to die another day.

# THE MONSTER OF DÜSSELDORF

continued from page 27

But it was the very next day that Maria reported the episode to the police. She remembered the name of the street, but was not sure of the number of the house. At last she thought that number 71 was the house where the man had taken her.

"The top floor," she said. "Yes, I'm sure this was the house." The police went up with her. She pointed to the door to the right of the landing. "In there," she said. "That's where he lives."

At that moment they heard the sound of feet climbing the stone staircase, a man's boots. Maria Budlick looked down. In the feeble light of the lamp above the landing, she saw the face of Peter Kürten.

"That's the man," she said.

The long quest was over. Though the man turned and swiftly descended the stairs and disappeared into the dark streets, there was no disappearing any more for Peter Kürten. He knew it. It was then he contacted his unsuspecting wife and arranged for his own capture.

Kürten expressed no contrition. No one was more interested in the details of his own crimes than he was himself. He recalled them with a laborious accuracy of detail which astonished the court and the whole world. The ruthless and protracted trial did not upset his appetite.

**H**IS last morning on this earth they asked him, "What would you like to eat for your . . . for your . . ." The warder in the execution-block hesitated politely.

Kürten smiled "For my *henkers-mahlzeit*, my hangman's breakfast? Well, what about a bottle of white wine, some fried potatoes and a wiener schnitzel?"

"By all means," said the warder.

The meal was prepared and set before him. Kürten was thoughtful.

"Your breakfast is served," said the warder.

"I was just thinking," explained Kürten.

"Yes?" said the warder. There was a further silence. Then Kürten spoke again.

"I was wondering about the guillotine. Does it chop the head off so quickly that the ears can still hear the rush of the blood? Or is it over too soon?"

He took up his knife and fork and attacked his wiener schnitzel. He kept his eyes down while he cleared the plate. Then he raised his eyes again. "Excuse me," he said.

"Yes?" asked the warder.

"Could I have another wiener schnitzel?"

The warder hesitated. Like all German bureaucrats he was a stickler for regulations. But on this occasion he determined to stretch a point.

"Well, why not?" he said. "*Gutten appetit!*"

"The same to you," said Peter Kürten as he got to work on his second, and last, wiener schnitzel.

**END**

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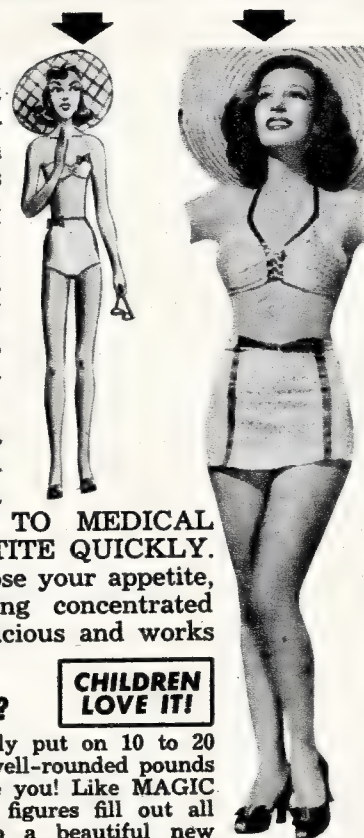
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# YANKEE HEAD-HUNTER OF LOST RIVER

continued from page 16

of the Marañon and the Pastaza in Peru where I ship mahogany and tagua nuts downriver to Iquitos, I've had my share of adventure.

I've visited Jivaro head-hunters, the Pastaza branch of the Shuara tribe. I've been badly scared by tigres invading camp and by deadly snakes, like the bushmaster, on jungle trails. I've also been bitten by a savage little piranha which took a nut-sized chunk of flesh out of the calf of my right leg.

But these are hazards which I have learned to understand and to expect: An amateur explorer is something else again. He's a menace because he's likely to do something thoroughly unpredictable.

There are exceptions to men like this, of course. Off-hand I can think of three of them who had plenty of savvy as well as guts. Young fellows who have come down the river.

One was a Briton, Sebastian Snow. He came down the upper Marañon from the lofty Cordillera Huayhuash by raft and went right on down the entire length of the Amazon to the Atlantic Ocean. The second was an American, Russ Smith, who duplicated Snow's journey on a home-made log raft.

The third, and most amazing, was Jack Schultz, 18-year-old University of Chicago student who not only came downriver alone from Quito in a dugout but, after reaching the Atlantic, sailed right on up to Miami by way of the West Indies.

James Fackner was the other kind of amateur explorer. The kind who was a potential menace although I didn't realize it at the time.

Fackner said he was on assignment to shoot "unusual" travel-adventure stories for *Colliers* magazine back in the States. He especially wanted to shoot the ritual Jivaro Tsanta dance in which warriors prance around a clearing with shrunken heads.

When Fackner asked me about the prospects, I eyed his blond crew-cut, grinned and gave it to him straight.

Despite all the grisly stories they had probably fed him back in Quito, I told him, his own head was safe so long as he behaved himself.

**T**HE Jivaros no longer hunt the heads of apachis—meaning white men or other strangers—just for the hell of it. The Ministry of Indian Affairs, both in Ecuador and in Peru, have adopted a stern attitude toward this once popular and widespread sport, although the Pastaza Jivaros still take an occasional enemy head when they think they can get away with it.

"The old name of the Pastaza is *Rio de los Perdidos*—River of the Lost Ones," I mentioned to Fackner. "That was because of the head-hunters on shore and the bloodthirsty little piranhas in the shallows.

"Observe the Jivaro taboos, keep clear of

their women and you'll be okay as far as head-hunting is concerned. But watch out for the piranhas."

I wasn't fooling him at all about the piranhas. Those in the Pastaza are especially nasty customers. I have seen them attack and strip every ounce of flesh from a 115-pound capybara in less than a minute flat. They're short and broad-jawed, silver blue in color with light red anal fins.

"One other thing about piranhas," I cautioned. "Don't think they'll only attack when they get the scent of blood. A lot of guys on the Pastaza have made this fatal error. During the spawning season the piranhas lay their eggs on the sandy bottoms of the shallows and they'll attack any living thing that approaches the nests."

I offered to lend him my mestizo assistant, Juan Foz. Juan was a good man, a veteran of the "Rubber Army," the fantastic collection of mestizos, Syrians, English, Americans and others who came up the Amazon in the rubber-hungry days early in World War II. No one knew the Pastaza better.

"No thanks," he said. "This is supposed to be a one-man adventure series. I'd like to keep it authentic."

**B**EFORE he left he bought a few things from stores to give to the Jivaros, bags of salt and trade machetes with red-painted blades. He also bought an old .12 gauge single-barrel shotgun with outside hammer that I had lying around. He had an excellent .12 gauge double-barreled Stevens hammerless in his gear but he decided that he also needed the oldtimer so I let him have it cheap. After throwing in a bottle of good Cajamarca *aguardiente* as a parting gift I started him on his way.

We were busy as hell cutting mahogany at the time and I all but forgot about James Fackner. Until one evening a few days later when Juan and I were listening to Riobamba on short wave. The *Policia Rural del Ecuador*, under their present *Intendente*, C. Luis Martinez, is an efficient outfit, sort of an Ecuadorian version of the Canadian Mounties. It keeps track of a lot of people, including foreigners, who go wandering down the rivers in the direction of Peru.

The P.R.E. radio operator broadcast for news about the whereabouts of *Señor Jaime Fackner, Americano*. We heard the voice of Carlos Travas answer from Barranca, 65 miles above us on the Marañon, informing him that Fackner had stopped by 11 days ago. Then I cut in:

"*Transmisora Bracey aquí! El Señor Fackner esta bien. En Río Pastaza la semana pasada.*"

"*Tanto mil gracias,*" the P.R.E. operator acknowledged politely and signed off.

One evening a week later he short-waved me direct. This time it was "*urgente.*" Fackner's people in Chicago were worried about him. They had contacted the American Em-

bassy which had notified the *Policia Rural*.

For favor, the P.R.E. asked, would I have the goodness to paddle up the Pastaza and see if *Señor Fackner* was all right?

It was one of those diplomatic requests I couldn't very well turn down. Not after having hitchhiked up to Quito on government planes half a dozen times and received a few other appreciated favors.

"We'll start at daybreak in one of the cascos," I told Juan.

A casco, I should explain, is a canoe rather than a dugout. It is a local product, built by Marañon river Indians who are highly skilled in this type of shell construction. It is made of cedar which is comparatively light, fast and easy to paddle.

On the following morning Juan and I started up the reddish-green Pastaza in a 17-foot casco. We took along one of our own river Indians, Siapa, to help with the paddling.

**W**E were in familiar country. The Pastaza, in this region, running between low, undulating hills, is flanked by banks of reddish mud. Paddling by the thick bush of pink-flowering lapachos, overshadowed by moriche, chonta and other species of palm which occasionally yielded to clearings of lush nacru grass, we saw no signs of animal life on the shore. I've hunted here in the past, knowing that with the exception of deer and capybara, little game is to be seen on the Pastaza during the daylight hours. After dark, however, there are plenty of tigres and lesser cats like ocelot and jaguarundi.

The river itself was noisily astir with birds; with scarlet ibises, jacanas, teal duck and geese that took off with a great flapping of wings at our approach. The jabirús, great marabou storks, eyed our casco in silent dignity, not scaring at all.

The sun was a brassy ball of fire, reflecting furnacelike heat from the river. Nevertheless we pushed along all day.

What the hell do they have to complain about, I reflected sourly as I listened to the din. To put it mildly, by this time I was damned fed up with James Fackner. I had been asked to go hunting for him just when we were completing a large balsa of mahogany logs which I intended to float down the river for sale in Iquitos.

The closest Jivaro village was a three-day journey from the Marañon. Its unta, or chief, was an old fox named Lipi whose primitive keenness had been polished by occasional dealings with far-wandering Syrian and Turk traders.

"If we're lucky," I said hopefully to Juan after we'd slung our hammocks for the night, "we'll find Fackner in Lipi's kumbinta and be back at the station in a week."

"*Pienso que no,*" answered Juan thoughtfully. "It comes to me now that there are no tsantas in this kumbinta. Lipi traded them with Hakadan, the Turco when he was upriver a month ago."

I had forgotten about the Turk's visit. Besides tigre and deer hides, Hakadan traded in tsantas. There's a steady although illicit market for shrunken heads in Iquitos. They are smuggled over the Ecuadorian border and on up to Quito where tourists pay from \$75 to \$100 for an authentic Jivaro tsanta.

Not likely Fackner'll photograph any Tsanta Dance in Lipi's kumbinta, I reflected,

(Continued on page 58)

# MYSTERY FANS: Can You Solve This Puzzle?



**AURORA BELL**, \$50-an-hour model, is found by hotel maid... strangled! Doctor says she died about 10:30 P.M. That same rain-swept night, the cops grill 3 "admirers". All have alibis...



**JOE AMES** says he dined with Aurora and took her right home in the rain. Then he went back to his place, had a drink, and fell asleep. Admitted he and Aurora had a little "tiff"



**JACK BROWN**, nightclub owner, says he was alone in his office from early evening until midnight. Admits knowing Aurora, but denies seeing her that night, or leaving his office at all.



**BILL COLE**, her jealous ex-boyfriend, said he had been out "on the town" most of the night. Claims he saw Aurora having dinner with Ames; also says they were arguing bitterly.

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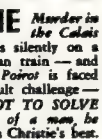
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he'll have to go further upriver to another Jivaro village.

Nevertheless I was still hopeful during two more days of paddling up the hot and steamy Pastaza.

Late on the third afternoon we put the casco ashore near an opening in a stand of duapo palms and hardwood quebrachos. A well-marked "fool's trail" led into the jungle to Lipi's kumbinta.

It was a trail which no one at all familiar with Jivaro habits ever used for it was booby-trapped with tambunchi. They're sharpened bamboo spears which are triggered by lianas artfully stretched across the trail to be tripped by unwary feet and they're set leg or waist high, depending upon how murderous a particular unta happens to feel toward outsiders. Sometimes they're tipped with paralyzing curare.

Siapa searched along the river bank until he found the opening of a second trail well concealed in chivato bush.

"*Esta aquí, Patrón!*" he called out and led the way in, machete in hand.

I picked up the Winchester Standard .270 from the bow of the casco, slung the rifle over my shoulder and followed him, with Juan bringing up in the rear.

We walked perhaps 400 yards. Suddenly there was a rustling commotion in the bush ahead.

"Ai-ee!" Siapa yelled sharply and sucked in his breath.

At first we thought he had been bitten by a cascabel, a particularly vicious species of thick-bodied rattler which lurks in the bush. Then I saw the blood streaming from a four inch gash in the calf of his left leg and the tambunchi spear that had caused it.

I tore up a strip of shirt for an emergency bandage and after taking care of Siapa I examined the bamboo spear anxiously. The point had been dipped in curare but the drug was old and long dried out. I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw it had lost all potency. Barring infection Siapa would be all right in a few days.

"Take him back to the casco and get the medicine kit out," I instructed Juan. "Dust

plenty of sulfa powder into it before you bandage it."

I went on alone toward the kumbinta, half a mile ahead. I was thankful nothing worse had happened and I was extremely careful every foot of the way.

LIPi's kumbinta was small. All Jivaro villages I have known are purposely so for effective defense. Usually they consist of five long wattle or woven reed shacks with conical roofs. Four of the shacks, housing from 30 to 40 Indians each, are cornered in a square clearing. The fifth, occupied by the unca and his family, is built in the center of the square.

Lipi greeted me in front of his shack, which was surrounded by foraging pigs and chickens. The dirty itipi wrapped around his lean body from waist to knee was of vivid red, blue and yellow trade cloth and looked fairly new, a testimony of Hakadan's visit.

Juan was right, I thought as I approached, Fackner didn't find what he wanted here.

This was soon confirmed over a ceremonial gourd of chichi. Talking to Lipi in the Shuara dialect I found out that Fackner had been in the village and had left "yesterday" which also might have meant several days before for a Jivaro has little realization of time.

The white man, according to Lipi, had pointed his wakani ania, or "iron ghost" at many things, making little clicking noises. He wished, above all else, to point it at a Tsanta Dance. This made Lipi sad because the white man had offered a surak ania, a gun, but there were no longer any tsantas in the village with which to make the dance.

Lipi did not remain sad long. He grinned from ear to ear when I told him that Siapa had been caught by one of his damned tambunchi traps. This was the Jivaro chief's idea of a very funny joke.

I returned to the casco to find that Juan had dressed and rebanded Siapa's wound. The Indian spent a fairly comfortable night but when we started upriver again at dawn I put him amidships with the duffel, deciding to rest him up for the next day or two.

As the morning wore on the river narrowed and soon the trees reached out from the banks. Paratodo trees, festooned with orchid-starred lianas and vines rose high out of the

shallows adding to the shade, and the relief from the direct rays of the punishing sun was welcome.

Rounding a bend early in the afternoon we spotted an empty cayuca which we recognized as belonging to Fackner. The sluggish current had brought it broadside to a sandy spit where it had grounded.

We paddled to it and looked it over, mystified. It was absolutely empty. No gear or paddle. Nothing.

I studied the shore with troubled eyes. A solid, impenetrable wall of pink and green lapachos. Fackner could not have made his way in there except by using a machete every foot of the way and the lapachos showed no sign of cutting.

I shouted out his name, kept it up for several minutes until I was hoarse. There was no answer.

I turned from my seat in the bow and looked back at Juan.

"Perhaps he is camped further up the river. The cayuca must have drifted off while he was ashore. Maybe while he was asleep."

It seemed to me to be the most logical explanation. Juan's heavy eyebrows furrowed. He shook his head doubtfully.

"Pues. The current is very slow. Is it possible, patrón, that one who has spent so many weeks on the river could now be so careless?"

He's right of course, I decided.

The cayuca had been deliberately pushed out into the current somewhere upstream. There was no longer any doubt in my mind that Fackner had gotten himself into some sort of trouble. And with the Jivaros.

We resumed paddling, keeping a close watch on the shore and calling out Fackner's name. More than an hour went by, then Siapa's sharp eyes saw a break in the lapachos ahead which might well indicate the opening of a jungle trail.

"Mira, patrón!" he said as we approached and pointed with his finger.

There was a long furrow in the sand and mud of the river bank extending into the water. It could have been made by only one thing, the narrow, rounded bottom of a cayuca.

"Fackner!" I muttered in excitement, "he must have gone in there to a Jivaro village."

Juan steered for the river bank. I reached for my rifle, preparing to go ashore to have a look for Fackner.

"Take your carbine," I told Juan. "We'll leave Siapa in the casco."

We weren't more than 15 yards from shore when an arrow came whirring out of the lapachos and buried its point with a resounding thud in the bow ahead of me.

It was so completely unexpected that I guess my initial reaction was more of surprise than anything else. For an instant I stared at it quivering in the cedar hull. It wasn't difficult to identify the characteristically broad head and hardwood shaft of chonta edged with toucan feathers.

"Jivaro!" I snapped and felt myself suddenly tense.

They came swarming out of the opening in the bush as though in answer to the word. There were fully a score of warriors, most of them armed with chonta spears and bows. I didn't see a blow gun, which was ominous. These lads weren't out hunting. They meant business!



"Keep an eye on Fullager."

(Continued on page 60)

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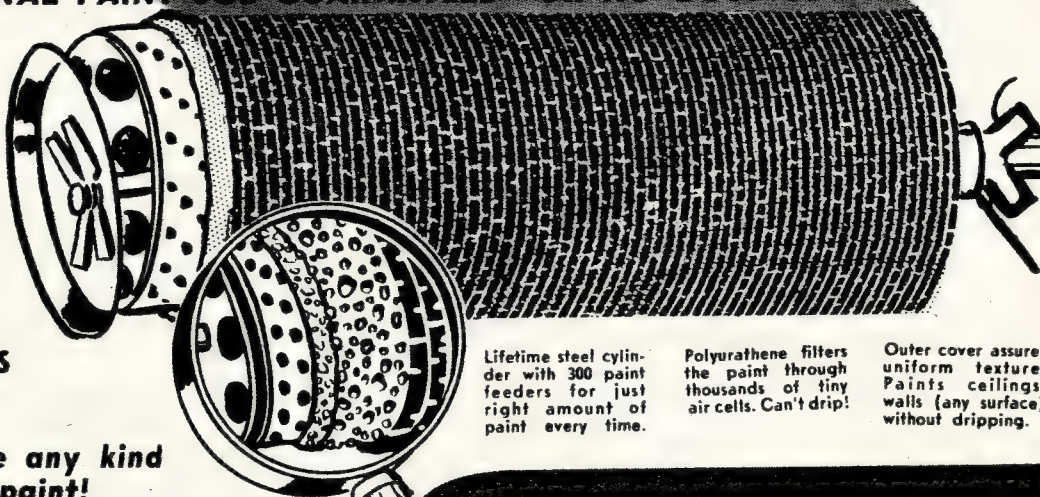
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They came on, wildly waving their spears and setting up a loud chorus of "*Gahrse-gahrse-gahrse*!" which is a sort of Jivaro battle cry and a nerve-edging thing to hear. It isn't a series of shouts or yells but more like an angry, swelling drone.

"*Estan loco, patrón*," I heard Juan, tautly behind me, "*todos loco*!"

"Don't fire!" I warned quickly.

One doesn't shoot at Indians in Peru except as a last resort. Even at berserk Jivaros. There are a lot of citizens along the river who even believe that the Indios are better protected by the government than are white men.

They were approaching the river bank and they saw our guns but the display had no effect. A second arrow from the bush whistled by my head. Much too close for comfort.

"Acoti!" I shouted loudly. "Friends!"

Behind me an arrow splintered into the hull, amidships, close to Siapa. This was too much for a river Indian. They're scared to death by Jivaros under any circumstances.

I don't know whether Siapa fell or jumped out of the casco for my back was to him. I heard a loud splash and he was in the water up to his hips.

"Fire!" I ordered swiftly. "Over their heads!"

Juan and I triggered almost together. I sent two more shots into the foliage of a moriche.

This halted most of them in their tracks. Two Jivaros, ignoring the warning, came on with upraised spears and murder in their eyes. I couldn't hold off any longer. It would have been suicide if I did.

I lined up quickly on the right shoulder of the lead Jivaro and squeezed the trigger. At short range the .270 slug drilled through his shoulder, taking the fight out of him in a hurry. The Indian behind him also stopped.

It was then I heard Siapa scream. High and shrill, a shriek of sheer terror.

"Piranhas!"

HE threshed the reddening water madly with his hands and all around him, for a distance of at least 10 yards, the surface of the river was agitated, whipped and roiled with spray as the savage little fish sped toward their victim.

There must have been hundreds of them about us in the shallows. The first of them were drawn by Siapa's bandaged wound. The others by the gushing blood as pieces of flesh were torn from his body.

Siapa kept on screaming and threshing his hands against the water in a frantic attempt to beat them off. They were eating him alive.

Both Juan and I acted quickly, instinctively. One doesn't stop to think or to measure consequences at such a time. We jumped into the water near Siapa, making loud splashes and hoping the commotion would drive the piranhas away, for a few seconds at least.

Siapa had become crazed with fear. Shrieking and beating the water where he stood, he appeared to be rooted to the spot.

"Grab him!" I shouted to Juan, "get him to shore, damn it!"

I led the way with rifle ready and I was seething with cold rage. No more shoulder shots or warnings. The first Jivaro that made a threatening movement was going to be a thoroughly dead Jivaro.

I think they sensed this from my actions.

They retreated warily as I waded shoreward. Stopping again at the opening in the bush they began muttering among themselves.

I felt a slap against the calf of my right leg, followed by a stinging little pain. The best way I can describe it is that it were as if my skin had been burned by a cigarette.

With Juan and Siapa splashing along behind me, I took four or five more quick steps to the river bank. The other two followed me ashore.

I heard the Jivaros suck in their breath, making a sound like a faint sighing of the wind. Glancing back I saw that Juan had been half-carrying Siapa and had put him down on the bank.

The Indian's screams had subsided to a moan. There was a dazed look on his face and his eyes rolled upward, only the whites showing. He was in a complete state of shock.

I stared at his legs and my stomach suddenly felt weighted with lead. His left leg, the one which had been bandaged, was a ghastly mess from thigh to ankle. Chunks of flesh had been gouged or stripped off. In several places the bone showed through.

The right leg had also been bitten, though not as badly. I don't think Siapa had been in the water for 30 seconds between the time he was attacked and brought to shore by Juan, yet the piranhas had done this to him.

"Get the medicine kit," I told Juan, but even as he brought it I knew it was almost hopeless. Among other things, Siapa had lost considerable blood.

"Must have plasma," I muttered.

We had plasma back at the station. A three-and-a-half days' paddle with the current.

I worked on Siapa's legs and did what I could for him. While I dressed them I did some hard thinking.

"Take him back to the station in the casco," I said. "You know how to handle plasma. Get Dr. Iquiverro at Barranca on short wave. He'll come down."

"What about these thieves?"

I glanced up. The Jivaros had edged forward and were watching the first aid with primitive curiosity. I'm sure I was the first white "medicine man" they'd ever seen.

"I still have to find Fackner," I reminded Juan grimly. "I'll follow you in his cayuca in a few days. With him or without him. Leave the medicine kit with me."

We put Siapa in the casco. He was whimpering like a sick puppy when Juan started off. I was damned sure by then that he wasn't going to make it but I had to give him the chance.

I became aware that the wetness of my right leg was too sticky to be water. The pants leg of my chinos was stained with blood. My own. A piece of cloth, about two inches in diameter was missing from the calf. Not rent or torn but pulled right out. A piranha had done that, taking a small chunk of my calf with it.

One of the Jivaros spoke up while I was dusting the wound with sulfa. His tone was conciliatory. Jivaros have great respect for a curaka, a medicine man, even if he happens to have a white skin.

"Acoti!" he said. "Friends!"

Why the hell didn't you feel this way about it when you first showed up, I thought grimly. Then my anger subsided.

Jivaros don't deliberately set out to at-

tack strangers on the Pastaza any more. Maybe if they're suspicious about someone approaching their village they'll kill first and ask questions later. But they don't go out of their way hunting trouble. I reasoned someone must have stirred them up. Fackner.

"You have seen another white man?"

"Apachi in kumbinta," one of the Indians answered and pointed to the trail.

I hesitated then. Even with a rifle, on a narrow jungle trail with Jivaros all around me I'd be a sitting duck.

If Fackner is in their village, I reflected, the safest thing to do is to persuade them to bring him to me.

While I stood there, mulling it over, the lad I had shot in the shoulder approached closer. He had been stoically holding panjan leaves, which have an astringent quality, to the wound. He pointed to my rifle then to his shoulder.

"Curaka gun has much magic. Other gun had bad magic. Shoot unta."

God, I thought to myself, he's trying to tell me that Fackner shot his chief.

If this was true, if Fackner was still alive, he was in one devil of a mess. It wasn't any wonder the Jivaros were stirred up. What was more, I'd have to chance going into their village to help him.

The wounded man pointed again. This time first to the medicine kit and then to his shoulder.

Sure thing, brother, I muttered. It was a hopeful gesture as far as I was concerned.

I EXAMINED the wound. The .270 had made a clean hole high in the shoulder and gone right on through. Probing was unnecessary. He had been lucky.

The Jivaro's name was Neko and he was proud to be the center of the show, attended by a white curaka. While the other Indians gravely watched, I disinfected and dressed the wound, front and back. When I finished they grunted in approval. I knew enough about Jivaros to decide then I'd be safe with them on the trail.

Their village was less than half a mile inland on a slight rise of land. Neko led the way, stopping three or four times to guide me into short detours around artfully hidden tambunchi.

Entering the village I observed that in addition to the customary arrangement of shacks in the squared jungle clearing, a small structure had recently been added.

Behind the unta's house was a jivaria, a windowless shack of newly woven wattles. The door was closed, cross-barred from without. A Jivaro with a spear stood guard outside.

Fackner's in there, I told myself, alive and a prisoner.

I started toward the jivaria. Neko and several other Indians were quickly in front of me, barring my way. The hut was most decidedly off limits as far as I was concerned and they made it plain.

Neko pointed toward the unta's house and I headed for it. It was surrounded by the usual collection of pigs and chickens and, directly in front of it, the symbol of office, a long log drum or tundui, slotted for half its length. Beating on the drum with a stout piece of chonta, the sound of a chief's "voice of thunder" can be heard for many miles.

The chief's name was Yavita. More than a dozen tsantas hanging by their hair from

a bamboo cross-pole over the entrance testified to his prowess as a head-hunter in the past.

He appeared in the narrow entrance of his shack as we approached and I heaved a vast sigh of relief. I had misunderstood Neko back on the river bank. I thought he had told me Fackner had shot the chief.

Yavita had been in some sort of accident all right. A pot-bellied strongly-muscled Indian, the upper part of his chest and his face bore several jagged scars. They were recent, still scabbed, and they made me think of the kind of wounds inflicted by shrapnel splinters.

"Apachi curaka," said Neko, "white medicine man."

Yavita nodded solemnly. I saw no hostility in his eyes and I was further encouraged when one of the women emerged from the shack with gourds of chichi. I waited until we had finished the ceremonial drink before getting around to the subject of Fackner.

"I have come for the other apachi," I said. "The one you hold in the jivaria."

His eyes studied me sharply. He did not deny that he was holding Fackner captive. Instead he motioned to the woman who had brought us the chichi.

She went into his shack and emerged with something she placed on the ground between us. Five shiny new .12 gauge cartridges, and the stock and part of the twisted barrel of the old shotgun I had sold to Fackner. They told the whole story even before Yavita spoke, and anger boiled up within me.

That stupid bastard Fackner, I thought indignantly. He let the chief fire one of his

shells in my old gun, it had blown up on him.

It was more than stupid, it was idiotic. Fackner should have known the barrel of the shotgun wouldn't stand up under a modern, high power load. The wonder of it was that the chief hadn't been killed when the barrel exploded in his face.

"For this we have Tsanta Dance," said Yavita accusingly. "The apachi give me gun and point his wakani ania with eye at dance. After dance I shoot gun and . . ."

Suddenly he thrust both hands upward and outward in angry pantomime. There were no words in the Shuara dialect with which he could explain the blast that followed when he pulled the trigger.

I nodded my head grimly and remained silent.

YAVITA stared up, studying the tsantas. What he was thinking was plain. Looking at that grisly collection of shrunken heads, in imagination, I could see Fackner's among them.

"It was not the apachi who did this thing," I said, "but the wakani ania with its pointing eye and clicking noises. It must be punished."

Let him take the goddamned movie camera, I thought to myself, and good riddance.

Yavita chewed this over. Whether he entirely believed what I said about the camera's evil eye was hard to tell. He certainly was no fool. He could understand cause and effect when he saw it.

I had a more powerful argument, which I left unmentioned. Juan was already out of his reach, paddling down the Pastaza. If anything happened to Fackner—and to me—

Yavita and his warriors would be punished. He knew this as well as I.

With some reluctance he agreed to release Fackner and ordered Neko to bring him to us from the jivaria.

Fackner was a pretty sorry sight for the Jivaros had treated him far from gently. The look on his face when he saw me was like that of a condemned man who had received a last-minute reprieve, but it didn't remain for long. He protested when I told him he'd have to leave his camera behind.

"It's the only thing that's saving your life," I snapped. "You're being executed by proxy. The chief and his curakas are going to kill the evil eye in your camera instead of you."

Maybe this didn't make sense to him but I didn't even bother to explain.

We headed down the Pastaza in his cayuca, arriving at my station three days later. As I had anticipated, Siapa hadn't survived the journey. Not after those piranha bites.

Juan had other news. The *Policia Rural del Ecuador* station had been on the air again, inquiring anxiously about Señor Jaime Fackner.

"I'm going to short wave 'em tonight," I said to Fackner. "What do you want me to say?"

"I've decided to go on down the Marañon and stop off at Iquitos," he said. "There are stores in Iquitos. I'll be able to buy another camera."

I glanced at Juan Foz. He shrugged his shoulders. We both were thinking the same thing. Some of these amateur explorers never learn their lesson. **END**

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## DEAD MAN'S POSSE

continued from page 31

said dryly. "How will you pay the loot?"

"The money's in a special account at the Delta Bank. When you bring in Sontag and Evans—remember, both of them—either dead or alive, the draft will be made out to you and you can cash in then and there."

"I've already talked with the sheriff. Is there anyone else I should see before we start?" Wilson asked.

"Have you seen Eva?" the merchant replied.

"Eva?"

"Eva Evans. Chris Evans' daughter. She lives here in town with the family. Some think Eva's having no part of the men folk since they went into hiding. Others think different. She was promised to John Sontag once."

"How do you think?" Wilson asked, standing and walking to the window. Outside it was still raining. Wind-swept curtains of water paraded across the muddy street.

"I'll show you where she lives. You decide. You'll leave tomorrow?"

Wilson turned back from the window.

"I'll leave as soon as I talk to little Eva. I'm anxious to have this over with. I don't like your weather."

That afternoon it stopped raining. Eva Evans lived with her mother, brothers and sisters in a small frame house on the north edge of town. She met Wilson at the door.

"Miss Evans?" Wilson asked.

"You're Vic Wilson," Eva answered without emotion. "You may as well come in. I've been expecting you."

Wilson walked into the small living room. "Expecting me? How? I just got to town last night."

The girl smiled thinly. "Even though I'm an outlaw's daughter I still have friends in town," she answered. She caught her full lower lip between her teeth for a long second. "I'm not going to help you!"

Wilson smiled back at the girl. "I'm doing a job. That's all there is to it. Nothing personal at all. If you can help me, if you can tell me when you heard from Sontag and Evans last, the chances of my bringing them in unhurt would be a lot better."

"I've heard about you, Mr. Wilson," Eva answered unsmiling. "I've heard you brought in a lot of men. Twenty-seven, isn't it?"

"It's part of the business," Wilson tried to explain the notion away with his hands. "I'd rather bring in a man alive than dead."

"I'm not going to help you," Eva said again.

"So be it," Wilson shrugged. "I'll bring them in anyway."

"Other bounty hunters have failed."

Wilson turned and faced her. She stood in the door. She was a hell of a pretty woman for 16. He promised himself he'd see Eva Evans again.

Later that afternoon, with the two trackers and a posse of seven men, Wilson rode east out of Visalia toward the mountains

where Sontag and Evans were holed up.

"Dig two graves," Wilson told the red-faced merchant. "Dig two graves and I'll fill 'em for you."

Five days later, on another rainy afternoon, Vic Wilson returned to Visalia. His body, covered by a poncho, lay in the bottom of a wagon. Beside him, similarly covered, was the body of one of the seven possemen who had ridden out with him.

"Wilson was right," a townsman muttered as the wagon splashed past him in the rain. "He filled two graves."

Chris Evans and John Sontag, former ranchers, had embarked upon their careers of train robbery five years before. In that time they had successfully held up four Southern Pacific trains passing through the San Joaquin Valley.

Each time they worked the robbery the same way: Unseen, they boarded the train when it stopped for water or at a lonely Valley station. Then, at a predetermined point, they climbed over the tender into the cab and forced the engineer to halt the train.

After that it was a simple chore to rob the baggage car. Twice they had been forced to shoot a baggage car guard; another time it was a too-curious passenger.

After each holdup the men would disappear, leaving no clues. Many of the San Joaquin Valley ranchers suspected who the train robbers were, but they didn't volunteer information. Public sympathies ran against the railroad in those days.

Finally Sontag and Evans made their first big mistake. They sent for John Sontag's brother, George, who was living in the east. George came to California and helped Sontag and Evans pull off their fifth—and last—train robbery. The holdup took place near the little station of Collis.

**BROTHER** George Sontag had a weakness common to many men. He liked to drink. When he drank he liked to talk. Thirty-six hours after the daring Collis holdup George Sontag was drunk in a Visalia saloon and hinting broadly that he knew more—a great deal more—about the Collis train robbery than he was saying.

An interested listener in the saloon was Will Smith, a railroad detective.

"Come along, Mister," he said. "Let's go down to the sheriff's office and dry out."

Sober, George wouldn't admit a thing. But what he had said in the saloon prompted Smith and another officer to drive a rig across town to the home of Chris Evans.

When Smith knocked at the door, Eva Evans answered. She was running a comb idly through her blond hair. Smith was impressed.

"What is it?" Eva asked.

"I'd like to talk to John Sontag," Smith told her.

"He's not here," Eva answered.

"You're mistaken," Smith said. "I just

saw him walk into the back of the house a minute ago." Smith pushed his way through the door.

Eva ran outside to the barn where her father was working. "Pa," she cried. "There's a detective in there looking for Johnny." She pointed toward the house.

Shaggy-maned, bull-shouldered Chris Evans picked up a heavy revolver from a shelf and stomped toward the house.

At that moment Smith pulled aside a curtain in the back room of the house and found himself looking into the twin barrels of a leveled shotgun held by John Sontag.

"Looking for me?" Sontag asked wryly.

Smith backed away, stumbled against a piece of furniture, edged back toward the front door. He had no opportunity to draw his gun from under his buttoned coat. He made the door, leaped across the porch and broke into a run for the rig. Chris Evans reached the front of the house then and fired once at the running man.

Smith and the other officer zigzagged across an adjacent field on foot. Sontag blazed away at them with the shotgun. Both officers were hit, Smith in the neck and back. But both lawmen managed to escape.

Sontag and Evans grabbed the officers' rig and headed for the foothills.

In an hour a posse of 100 men from Visalia were looking for the two suspects. But Sontag and Evans were too clever for the lawmen. They abandoned the rig, left a false set of tracks, hid in a haystack when the chase got close, crossed a muddy field at night and made it back to the Evans home after blankets, food, more guns and ammunition.

But three young deputies had remained in Visalia. One of them, Oscar Beaver, had a hunch.

"Let's go out and look over the Evans place. Who knows, they might have doubled back there."

"You looking for Evans or his daughter," one of his companions giped.

The three men laughed as they rode out to the Evans place. They tied their horses a few hundred yards from the house and walked quietly along a path toward the building. As they neared the house they heard men's voices coming from the nearby barn.

"You were right," one of the deputies whispered to Beaver. "They did come back. They're in the barn."

Beaver sent the men out, one on each side of the barn. Then he closed in, gun drawn.

"Come on out," he yelled at the barn. "It's your only way. There're guns covering you from every side."

Sontag and Evans came out. They kicked open the barn door and walked out, firing their shotguns as they came.

Beaver fell, a gaping wound in his neck. One of the other deputies crumpled, his leg blasted away. Sontag and Evans turned, ran back into the barn, rode out on a loaded wagon, firing back at the remaining frightened but uninjured deputy.

Beaver died within a few minutes, his blood drenching the ground. Eva Evans stood beside him as he died, but the sight of blood and the injured man left her unmoved. She spoke softly as the light went out of Beaver's eyes. "You shouldn't have tried it," she said and then turned away.

A week later the Southern Pacific Com-

pany and Wells Fargo posted a \$10,000 reward for the capture of Chris Evans and John Sontag—dead or alive.

George Sontag, the brother with the liquor loosened tongue, was tried for his role in the Collis train robbery. He was found guilty. Train robbery was a capital offense in California and he was sentenced to Folsom State Prison for life.

For a year Sontag and Evans kept out of the law's reach. Friends kept them posted on the movement of the posses, furnished them with food and shelter. Chris Evans visited his large family in Visalia almost at will, always knowing when it was safe to make a trip home.

John Sontag had been engaged to Eva Evans before the Beaver shooting. After a year of hiding from the law he released her from her promise to marry him.

For awhile the \$10,000 attracted bounty hunters and gun slingers from all across the West. But after Vic Wilson was killed posses formed less frequently. The foothills of the Sierra all the way from Porterville north to Piedra were considered the hiding place of the two train robbers. Strangers stayed out of the hills.

By winter interest in finding Sontag and Evans seemed to have died out completely. As the first snow dusted the western face of the Sierra, Sontag and Evans stopped moving from hideout to hideout. In a snug mountain cabin they planned to break gabby George Sontag out of escape-proof Folsom Prison.

THE following spring George Sontag had a visitor at Folsom. During the course of their brief conversation the visitor told George that he knew how guns could be smuggled into him, for him to plot an escape according to the plan he was going to outline.

A few weeks later a man named Fredericks was paroled from Folsom. He went to see Eva Evans, now 17 and more beautiful than she had been the year before.

"The plan is all set," Fredericks told the tall, lithe girl. "All they need now are the guns. Can you help me get them?"

Eva bit her lower lip thoughtfully. "I've been keeping my eyes open," she said. "I know just the place."

Now that the snows were melting in the mountains, posses had once again begun looking for the two outlaws. After each disappointing trip into the mountains the weary possemen would return to Visalia, place their guns in the back room of Si's Saloon, belly up to the bar to drink and lie about the fruitless excursion.

Eva knew this. One night while the deputies were drinking at the bar Fredericks broke into the darkened back room and took all the guns he could carry.

The guns were quickly smuggled into Folsom via a well organized web of convicts and former convicts that Sontag and Evans had contacted.

One morning, while the convicts were working in the upper quarry of the prison near the headgate of the big dam, George Sontag noticed a chalk mark on the water tank. This was the sign. It meant that guns for the escape were hidden in the quarry.

George Sontag signalled a fellow convict. The man stooped, ran his hand under a rock and came up with a loaded revolver.

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He stepped to the nearest guard, jammed the gun into the man's neck.

"Drop the rifle," the convict commanded Lieutenant Frank Briare. The guard's rifle clattered on the rocky ground.

An instant later half a dozen convicts in the rocky depression were armed. George Sontag picked up the guard's rifle.

Work in the quarry ceased as the rest of the convicts watched the escape party and their hostage move toward the quarry gate.

With the revolver pressed against his neck, Briare was forced to walk up the steep hill toward the prison walls, the armed convicts behind him.

The guards on the walls were motionless. If they fired they knew it meant a sudden bullet would rip into Briare's spine. Briare was the convicts' key to freedom.

The incredible attempt at a prison break would have succeeded—except for one small incident: As they reached the top of the steep incline, near the gate, the convict holding the revolver against Briare stepped on a loose rock. He lost his balance, fell, dropped his gun and grabbed wildly at Briare. Both men fell then, rolling together to the bottom of the slope.

The guards on the wall opened fire. A murderous barrage of rifle, revolver and riot gun slugs laced down into the depression. It was over in a twinkling. Three convicts were dead. The others were seriously wounded. George Sontag was unconscious with two bullets in him. Guard Briare was unharmed.

In the prison hospital, near death, George Sontag talked freely. He implicated John Sontag and Evans in the other four train robberies. He told of some of their hiding places in the Sierra Nevada foothills.

Visalia authorities were notified. More posses and freelance man-hunters began combing the east side of the San Joaquin Valley for the badmen.

A little over two years from the day they shot railroad detective Will Smith in Visalia luck ran out on Sontag and Evans. A well-armed posse had stopped to rest one Sunday afternoon in a vacant cabin known as Widow Baker's place near a landmark identified on the map as Stone Corral. Lying in a little dip in the hills, free of trees and brush, the cabin commanded the area around it for hundreds of yards.

That evening Fred Jackson, one of the possemen, looked out of a cabin window and saw two bearded men walking across the meadow through the deepening dusk toward the cabin. Jackson yelled: "My God, it's Sontag and Evans." At the same time he grabbed his rifle and fired at the two men.

The bullet tore into the left arm of Chris Evans, shredding the muscle. "John," Evans sighed, sinking to the ground. "I'm done up."

At the sound of the rifle explosion Sontag had thrown himself behind a pile of hay and manure and began to shoot out the windows of the cabin with his rifle.

Evans dragged himself across the flat to Sontag's side, his left arm hanging in rags of bloody flesh and bone from wrist to elbow. His face was contorted with pain. With his right hand he lifted his rifle, fired toward the cabin.

Bullets and buckshot ripped into the hay where the two badmen were hiding. Now all the possemen were firing. Jackson slipped from the cabin, intending to move around

behind the outlaws. With a strong right arm Chris Evans held his rifle steady and pumped a shot at the possemen. A bullet crashed into Jackson's ankle, shattering it.

Then Sontag was hit by a bullet in the upper right arm. He smiled grimly. "I can still shoot at the bastards with the left," he muttered. Another bullet caught him in the side, spun him around. He collapsed. Blood soaked into the hay and manure.

Chris Evans looked at his fallen companion. He half-rose to see if he could help the fallen man. A bullet ripped into his back, digging a furrow of flesh nine inches long, missing his spine by a fraction of an inch. Stubbornly, Evans reloaded his rifle and kept firing.

Sontag regained consciousness, propped himself up on his good arm. Blood leaked from his mouth. He wiped it away with his hand, looked at the stain, fainted.

Another possemen, Hi Rapelje, crept out of the cabin and edged toward the weeds near the mound of hay.

Sontag revived, moaned: "Water. Chris, for God's sake get me a drink. I'm burning up."

Evans ripped Sontag's shirt open to inspect the terrible wound in the younger man's chest. Rapelje carefully aimed his Winchester. The bullet caught Evans' right arm. Blood spurted from the gash.

Now Rapelje picked up his shotgun and fired it. Three buckshot ripped into Evans' face. His right eye was knocked from its socket, dangled hideously on his cheek.

"Oh Johnny," cried the older man through a haze of shock and frightful pain. "It's all up Johnny. It's all up." But Sontag had fainted again.

Evans, with both arms shattered, his eyes gone, a bullet furrow in his back, buckshot lodged in his face peered down at his friend, then crawled away from the stack of hay toward the darkness of the trees beyond.

What followed was one of the most amazing sagas of human endurance: Chris Evans, in the inky night, grievously wounded, stumbled along the mountain path for six miles. His arms were useless stumps of flesh. Blood streaming from his lacerated head and eye ran into his mouth. The wound across his back was like fire. He ran into trees. Cruel vines lashed at his broken face. He fell and got up to fall again. His boots grew soggy with blood. But he had a mighty heart. He made a magnificent bid for freedom.

At the end of six miles he came to a farmhouse, kicked open the door and collapsed on the floor.

**B**ACK at Stone Corral the posse waited for daylight to rush the mound of hay. There were sporadic shots all night but they couldn't know that John Sontag was trying to kill himself with his rifle—but he was too weak to hold his gun steady.

When dawn inched across the little meadow the posse crawled out of the cabin and closed in on the hay and manure pile. Behind it they found John Sontag, blood drenched and unconscious. They couldn't believe that Evans had escaped, but the signs were plain.

At the farmhouse, however, Evans had not found sanctuary. The occupants, knowing of the reward, bound the wounded outlaw securely and hauled him in their wagon

to the nearest jail. Both Evans and Sontag were transferred to the Sacramento prison.

The double capture made headlines all over the nation. The news was met with mixed emotions. Some were relieved that the outlaws had been apprehended. Others openly displayed disappointment. John Sontag died in the Sacramento jail a few days following his capture. Chris Evans' right arm was amputated but his amazing vitality pulled him through.

Attractive Eva Evans visited her father every day. Her eyes were misty when she assured him: "Don't worry. I'll see that you get the best lawyers money can buy."

**S**HE kept her word; she raised the money as only she could. Eva Evans went on the stage in San Francisco in a colorful, slightly over-written play called, "Sontag and Evans." Eva's slim loveliness plus a natural flair for histrionics captured the hearts of sentimental Bay Area residents. When, with her dark eyes flashing, she vilified the bounty hunters who combed the Sierra foothills for her father, she brought down the obviously-biased house. And there were always several anxious young swains waiting outside the stage door each night. But Eva was all business.

By the time Evans had recovered sufficiently to stand trial, daughter Eva had charmed enough money out of San Francisco to hire a brace of top lawyers.

But it was money down the drain. The prosecution hauled out talkative George Sontag. George not only pointed out Evans as being the man behind the many train rob-

beries, but went on to malign his brother.

It was a short trial. Evans was found guilty of murder and was sentenced to life imprisonment.

In the courtroom after the judge pronounced sentence Eva gave a little cry and rushed to her father's side. Spectators thought it was a daughter's natural anguish. But they sold the blonde beauty short. Through her sobs she whispered in her father's ear: "I'll get a gun to you tomorrow. Be ready for a break."

Chris Evans looked fondly at his daughter, a small knowing smile on his lips. He nodded slightly.

The next evening, Ed Morrell, a likeable young waiter from an adjacent restaurant, appeared at the jail. He held a dinner tray covered with a large napkin.

"Hi!" Morrell called to the jailer. "I've got Evans' dinner. Okay if I take it in?" Chris was in his cell, quietly talking with his wife.

"Sure, go ahead," nodded the jailer. He opened the cell door.

Morrell stepped inside. His hand slid under the napkin, came out with a revolver. The jailer paled.

Chris Evans stepped forward, took the gun from Morrell, another from the jailer. Mrs. Evans called out to him, then fainted.

**EVANS** and Morrell locked the jailer in the cell with the unconscious Mrs. Evans. On the way out they met a Sacramento police officer. There was a sudden scuffle. The officer fell, shot in the side.

Outside the pair stole a horse and wagon.

Within an hour they had both vanished.

Morrell later admitted that he had been talked into the jailbreak attempt by the shapely Eva.

But following their escape the two men stayed out of sight. Sacramento lawmen tried an old trick. It worked.

**THEY** fed the grapevine a story that Eva was desperately ill. Evans and Morrell rushed into Visalia. They were surrounded by a posse of more than 200 men. They surrendered quietly. "Too many men have died already," Chris Evans commented sadly.

In 1893 Chris Evans entered grim Folsom prison. In the long, lonely years before he was paroled, in 1911, he had plenty of time to reflect on the days when he and John Sontag were the West's most wanted men.

Even after John Sontag died and Chris Evans was imprisoned legends insisted that portions of the train robbery loot were hidden in the Sierra foothills. Every cave and rock shelter became a potential hiding place for Sontag and Evans' treasure. Men still look for it.

Without the help of Eva both Evans and Sontag would have been captured years before. But there was no evidence that she had ever violated any law.

But every lawman who ever worked on the case remembered Eva. Tall, blonde, dark eyes, worrying her lower lip with her small white teeth, filling out her simple cotton dresses like no 16-year-old had any right to.

Deputies could easily forget the long chases that had preceded Chris Evans' capture, but they never forgot Eva. **END**



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## CREW OF THE COMBAT SHIP FIDELITY

continued from page 15

emerging from his tennis shirt, might have appeared ridiculous. But emphasis suited Costa; it made him look like an angry, courageous cockerel. He had managed to disturb, awaken, captivate, and finally electrify his audience.

Meanwhile some sailors had approached the ports. Among them were stokers in overalls, Arabs and half-naked Negroes. Several of them glued their faces to the glass. The mess room was under observation like the interior of an aquarium. Costa knew it. He beckoned to the second engineer, who was seated not far from him. The man nodded. Costa did not wait for mutiny to start. At the top of his voice he continued his diatribe:

"Well, gentlemen . . . Are there any among you who feel inclined to replace the traitors I had to chase off my ship?"

Soigne realized that the lieutenant was mustering his supporters to try and nip the threatening mutiny in the bud. A sneering voice rose on his left; it came from the chief engineer:

"Say, Costa . . . wouldn't it be better if you told these gentlemen what a bastard you are?"

The insult froze the whole company. Costa received it like a blow in the face. For an instant, while the shapes on the deck drew closer, he seemed to hesitate. In a more gentle voice he ordered:

"Keep quiet, Marais. If you have something against me, come and see me later in my cabin. I've never been one to avoid an explanation."

It was too late. The die had been cast—Marais' intentions could be read in his smile. It was a public affront, staged with the connivance of the crew to eliminate Costa. The men outside were taking counsel; obviously there was some hesitation. The woman could hardly conceal her excitement. The captain, quite impassive, poured brandy into his cup of lukewarm coffee.

Marais clutched his glass, then emptied it in one gulp as though to indicate that a scrap was now inevitable.

"Costa is a rogue," he said, "a dirty little rogue who thinks he's Napoleon. He is trying to take advantage of the circumstances to seize the *Le Rhône*. Look what he's done to Captain Passemontton. Yes, it's he who organized the Las Palmas affair. The only thing he didn't tell you is how much it brought him in. You were more communicative a month ago, if you remember. You said that after that coup we should be rolling in money. Who do you think you're kidding? You kept all the dough for yourself."

Costa was trembling. With a swift movement, he swept the glasses and plates off the

table. He brandished his fist threateningly at the engineer.

"I promised you one thing—that if you ever betrayed me I'd kill you, and that's what I'm going to do now."

With surprising agility, Costa jumped over the table and landed in the middle of the horseshoe. Marais broke the stem of his glass on the edge of the table—a glass flower with jagged petals glittered in his hand. He plunged it savagely into his opponent's face.

"You've put my eye out!" screamed Costa. "I'll get you for that, you traitor!"

The two panting men rolled on the ground among the swivel chairs. Breathing heavily, the Corsican brushed away the sticky liquid which was blinding him with the back of his hand, at the same time striking with cunning savagery, with intent to hurt, to break and to maim. Two of the Belgian officers caught hold of the struggling men in an attempt to separate them.

A few sailors had come into the mess room, taking advantage of the disturbance. Pale and silent, the woman puffed at her cigarette.

Separated and firmly pinioned by the arms, Costa and Marais faced each other. The Corsican's face was a single open wound. The engineer was writhing with a broken ankle. The lieutenant lost complete control of himself: "Put that man in irons!" he roared.

This was the crazy end of a mean little brawl and yet it completely restored Costa's authority. Spontaneously two sailors offered their services to the lieutenant. The latter repeated his order: "Put him in irons, near the boiler."

Costa was shivering. His fingers and his face were bleeding profusely. Soigne went over to him. "You can't stay like that," he said, "we must stop the bleeding."

Costa turned around abruptly: "Are you a doctor?"

"Yes."

"Well, see if that sod's cost me an eye and sew up the rest of the damage."

"Here?"

"In my cabin."

Dragging his injured leg, Marais roared: "I'll get you for this, Costa, I'll get you."

"Are you there, Uncle?" asked the half-blinded lieutenant. "Good; in half-an-hour pipe everyone down to the hold. You'll march all those cowards past the traitor; I want them to know what to expect."

Costa seized Soigne by the arm. "Help me to my cabin. I can't see a thing."

The woman was at his side; he sensed her presence and his voice softened.

"Ah, there you are. Do you think he's done me?"

The wounded man was helped from the mess room.

As soon as Costa was in his bunk, Soigne washed his face and cleaned it with lint and hot water.

There were four cuts, one on the forehead, one on the nostril and two on the cheek. The one near the lower eye lid was a deep gash. The blood continued to flow regularly from it. Tight-lipped, Madeleine Guesclin helped Soigne. Her white blouse was bloodstained all down the front, the wetness frankly outlining her breasts. In silence, the Belgian began to put in the stitches.

The patient swore between his teeth. "The bastard, after all I've done for him. But he'll pay dearly for it."

"Where can I wash my hands?" Soigne asked when he was finished.

The water from the tap spouted into the narrow basin and splattered the cabin wall. Madeleine Guesclin stood up. Nervous anxiety had made her face haggard and drawn.

Costa turned to the girl: "Make yourself scarce, *petite*. We've got things to discuss."

She left the cabin without a word.

Costa handed a cigarette to Soigne and asked: "I suppose you wonder what sort of a spot you've hit on, eh?"

Soigne was suspicious. "Captain, at this moment there is a man in pain at the bottom of the hold. I must ask your permission to go and treat him."

**FORGETTING** his injuries, Costa blew the smoke through his nostrils; a fit of coughing made him double up in bed. Soigne watched him, convinced that he was taking advantage of his discomfort to think out a reply. The Corsican growled, "I should let him croak, the traitor." He turned away, muttering, "Go and treat the sod and then come back to me."

At the door Soigne ran into Passemontton. The old sailor had just come up from the stifling hold.

"Well, that's that," he said. "Marais is in irons and the crew is waiting in the hold."

The wounded man jumped out of bed: "I'm coming."

The crew was assembled below. Costa walked over to his enemy.

"Engineer Lieutenant Marais," he said, "you have stained your honour, sullied the flag of your ship, and raised your hand against your superiors. I demote you."

With a swift movement, he tore the stripes from Marais' shoulders. He turned to the doctor: "He's all yours. Do what you like with him."

Soigne reached his cabin at about two o'clock in the morning. He opened the door and switched on the light. Brinchant, in the upper bunk, growled and turned his face to the wall.

The doctor, trying to analyze the day's events, could not sleep. Costa had behaved as though he wanted to commandeer the ship and rule it like a despot. He had already supplanted the vacillating captain, put a recalcitrant officer in irons and installed a woman on board.

Soigne recalled the accusations made by Marais while he was putting his broken ankle in a splint: "He's a maniac. He's sworn to bend us all to his will and to lead us all to our death. You'll see, he'll suggest stuffing the ship with T.N.T. and sailing her into Kiel to explode in the middle of the German fleet."

Soigne tossed and turned in his bunk. The more he thought of it, the more congenial

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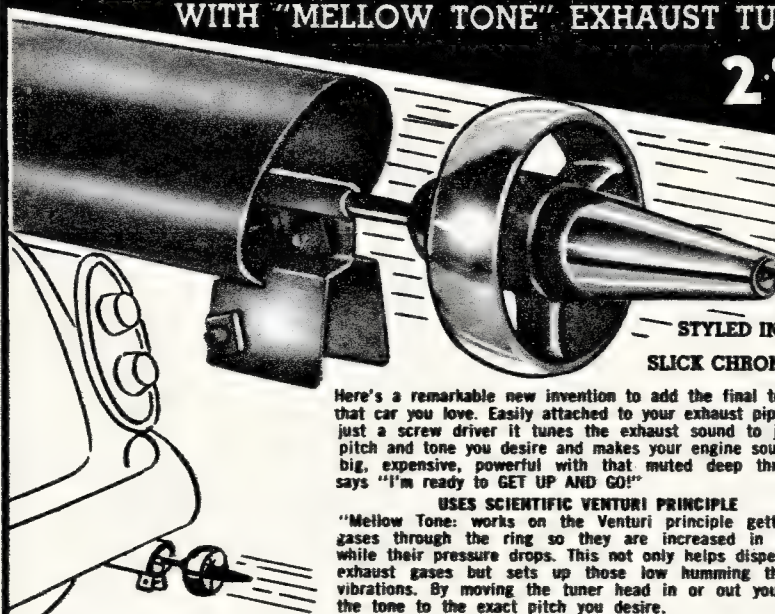
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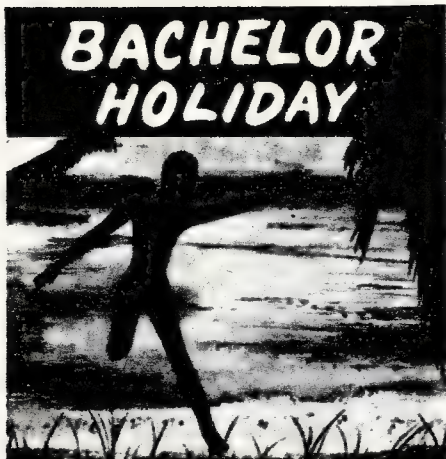
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he found the idea of an old tramp steamer, stuffed with T.N.T., going up in flames among the German warships. . . .

Costa had said: "One only fights well in a clean ship." The following morning as he came out of his cabin, Soigne observed that the slogan had been obeyed to the letter. A team of sailors was swabbing down the deck.

HE met Costa on deck and noticed that the lieutenant seemed in a very good temper.

"Does that cut hurt?" asked Soigne.

"Oh, I've other things to think about," he said. "Be good enough to come to my cabin."

As soon as the door closed, the injured man offered his visitor the only chair and sat down on his bunk.

"Well, *mon vieux*, my little scrap last night with Marais did not give me time to explain to you a certain number of essential facts. Today order has been re-established in the ship and I intend to put to sea as soon as possible. Destination—England."

"Final object of the operation . . ."

Costa looked up: "Object of the operation? Well, that's the one thing I'm not allowed to tell you. If you want to follow me, you'll have to make the decision blind. All I can assure you is that the *Le Rhône* will get herself talked about and that we shan't waste our time. I need a quack on board. What about it?"

"I crossed the Yser bridges to fight, Sir, not to look after the sick. You're French—I'm Belgian. Neither of us knows what fate awaits us in England. Apparently there's a Free French Committee over there, so I suppose you'll be joining it."

"Not on your life." Costa had put down his papers. "I know what those military bureaucrats are like. The truth is, I came to this ship with special operational orders and I shall never relinquish my command. I offer you a war to the death by every possible means, under a borrowed nationality. I can't possibly tell you any more."

"It's okay with me," Soigne replied, "but I don't want to fight as a doctor."

Costa lit a cigarette slowly and shrugged.

"We'll rig up a sick bay for you in case of emergency, but you'll be handling dynamite more often than aspirin. It that all right?"

Soigne held out his hand. "I'm with you Captain."

The ship's boy was weeping. The crew was paraded on the port side. On the upper deck, Admiral Muselier, Captain Passemontton and Lieutenant Costa did the honours. The tricolour was hoisted. France was back in the war.

Soigne looked at Costa. Pale, his face heavily bandaged, the lieutenant was trembling with emotion. When they met later in the mess to drink a toast to final victory, he came up to the doctor.

"I owed the gesture to France," he said. "Now, until the end of the war, until there's not a single Boche left in Paris, I'm fighting under the British flag."

**MADELEINE** Guesclin was at the reception, and drank a glass of champagne with the admiral. Soigne decided that she must be Costa's mistress, but nothing in their behaviour warranted this supposition. The Belgian admired the exceptional skill of the injured man who, in one day, after successfully eliminating his adversaries and replacing them at a moment's notice, offered himself the luxury of joining the Royal Navy and of running up the national colours before an admiral whom he did not propose to join.

Life gradually settled down on board. Soigne became Costa's second officer and looked after the fluctuating personnel, recruited today, abandoned the next, according to the arrivals and departures of ships.

With his new recruits and those who had remained faithful, Costa had formed a crew and a command. Of the old staff, in addition to Passemontton, remained Patte, Marais' assistant in the engine room and the lieutenant's trusted man. The newcomers consisted of the Belgians Soigne and Brinchant, some deserters from a sea-going liner and a few airmen, in-



"Drink your milk, it builds strong bones."

cluding Bernard, a refugee from Casablanca. With the exception of Grillo, these men had one thing in common—their complete ignorance of all things nautical.

In the midst of all the excitement, Passementton remained quite calm. An old salt who had sailed round the Horn, he had seen a great deal during his time in sailing ships. Dressed in his old knitted sweater—Costa called it “his mosquito net”—he sweated comfortably under his cap, a glass of *pastis* always within reach and the moist end of a cheroot between his lips. What was he doing in Gibraltar under the orders of an amateur sailor who was ready for any adventure? He had said to the ship's boy before he left: “The Company entrusted the *Le Rhône* to me and I shall stay with my ship to the end.”

They spent a few weeks awaiting an assignment by the British Admiralty in Gibraltar and during this time, Costa's impatience knew no bounds.

Toward the 15th of July, the *Le Rhône* at last received orders to join an England-bound convoy. For the whole crew this departure symbolized a definite break with the past. From now on their fate was bound up with that of Costa and they did not yet know what “great deeds” they were going to accomplish together. Conditions on board were appalling; 150 sailors herded in the holds and the officers sharing eight of the passenger cabins. Strict discipline was enforced and the watches were kept regularly. Grillo, the only man apart from Passementton capable of setting a course, served as instructor.

**T**HE sailing orders were constantly changed in order to fox the German U-boats prowling off the French coast. Ahead or astern of the *Le Rhône*, the nearest ships occasionally hove in sight according to visibility. From time to time an escort vessel, like a busy sheepdog, passed the cargo vessel, throwing up a curtain of spray. Soigne had rigged up a small, rudimentary sick bay in which he never set foot. Brinchant took photographs and Bernard spent the hours between watches greasing the weapons.

Each man grew accustomed to this peaceful monster which was to serve him as a home and an action station.

When the weather and the boat's position permitted, Costa allowed them to practice firing depth charges.

Soigne was busy studying the problem of Costa. By tacit agreement the Belgian was his second in command, but after the perfunctory explanation in Gibraltar, Costa had divulged no confidences. One morning, as they were approaching the Irish coast and the weather was growing worse, the doctor plucked up courage to knock at his cabin door. Costa received him completely naked, in a tiny hip bath. The visitor's entrance did not disturb him.

“I've decided not to call you Soigne any more,” Costa said. “It's pretentious for a quack. You ought to have a more warlike name—what about Mortiss?”

The Belgian burst out laughing. “Mortiss is O.K. by me,” he said.

Costa moved his legs lazily in the warm water.

“So, Mortiss, you'd like to know who you're dealing with, eh?”

Obviously this devil of a man guessed everything.

(Continued on page 71)



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"No."

"Well, tell yourself that I've strangled four and leave me in peace."

One evening Soigne and Lebasque, one of the young air cadets, were on watch together. Neither of them had yet grown accustomed to these long night vigils, interrupted by the incessant changes of course. It was a warm night and the sea so calm that hardly a ripple lapped along the hull. After some minutes Soigne began to feel nervous. On several occasions he had noticed shadows creeping about the deck.

Now there was no possible doubt. Men were walking toward the bridge. Three shadows appeared together. Behind the glass of the wheelhouse the man at the helm had not stirred. For a moment Soigne wondered whether he were an accomplice, but the leading sailor was already standing before him. Soigne recognized him: An enormous fellow from Dunkirk who worked in the engine room. He stood there, scowling, legs apart and jaws clenched.

"What's the trouble, boy?"

Soigne automatically had addressed him as he would have addressed an injured worker somewhere in Walloon country.

"Well, you see, me and my mates don't want to go to England."

The proximity of France had had a magnetic effect on these men and had incited them to mutiny. Responsible for sailing a ship in convoy in a dangerous zone, Soigne had to re-establish order without delay.

"Quesnoy—that's your name, isn't it? If you don't return to the hold I shall be forced to tell the captain."

Quesnoy did not give up. "If you won't change course, let us leave in a lifeboat with provisions and fresh water; we'll fend for ourselves."

"Quesnoy, for the last time, I order you to return to the hold."

"No."

"All right, then. I'll tell the captain."

The speaking tube from the bridge led directly to Costa's cabin. For several days, for no official reason, everyone had called the Corsican "captain." Passemontton did not seem to take it amiss. The *Le Rhône* had two captains, that was all. Quesnoy knew perfectly well to whom Soigne was alluding.

Costa must have been asleep. It was several calls before his furious voice burst in their ears. "What's going on?"

"A group of sailors is here on the bridge. They want to be allowed to return to France."

"What are you babbling about, Mortiss. Are you drunk?"

"No, sir. Quesnoy and several of his mates insist upon leaving."

"Smash the bastards in the teeth."

"But, sir . . ."

An explosion of rage made the tube vi-

brate. "I'm coming up." The catastrophe could not now be avoided.

There was the sound of hastening footsteps, then the door of the charthouse opened and Costa came in. He had put on his trousers and flung a tunic over his bare chest. He pushed the Belgian roughly aside and went up to Quesnoy.

"Are you the one that's getting stroppey?"

Without waiting for a reply, he smashed his fist in the miner's face. He always managed to have the setting of his ring on the top and it drew blood.

"Have you understood now?"

The sailor did not even wipe the cut. He looked at his superior and said in a strangled voice: "I'll kill you."

Fortunately, Costa did not hear him. He had already seized the two men next to him and was shaking them.

The Corsican roared at the others who were coming up the companionway: "I give you 30 seconds to take these three bastards down into the stokehole. Then I'll fetch my revolver and I'll fire blind into you all."

Although he was alone with bare fists and no weapon, he was terrifying. Without a word the sailors came forward and the three leaders let themselves be taken away.

As soon as the bridge was clear, Costa turned to Lebasque.

"Don't forget to keep a good course."

And he returned to his cabin.

August came to a close with a heat wave. The *Le Rhône* entered the mouth of the Bristol Channel like a queen.

Passemontton looked terribly sad. The previous evening he had confessed to Soigne, whom he had relieved on the bridge: "It breaks my heart to take my ship into a British port without the French flag."

**WHEN** the *Le Rhône* passed the Swansea lighthouse on its rocky spur, Quesnoy and the two other rebels were still languishing in chains near the boiler. The ship was a prey to conflicting sentiments, from the bridge to the stokehole, from fore to aft. Curiosity was the dominating element. Everyone was anxious about his immediate future. Apart from Costa's trusty henchmen, the men envisaged being transferred to a fighting unit of their own nationality, where they would fight in their own branch of the service. For many of them the joint adventure seemed to stop here; they already looked upon the *Le Rhône* as a thing of the past, one way of getting to England.

Alone in his cabin Costa behaved nonchalantly as though it were no concern of his.

But the Corsican could not have had any illusions as to the difficulties which awaited him after his arrival in the harbor. As soon as he set foot ashore, his usurped authority would be questioned. The whole edifice laboriously built up with persuasion and punches risked collapsing. In spite of all these difficulties, the master of the *Le Rhône* had resolved to offer the Admiralty a coherent unit—a ship, a crew and a captain. He confessed as much to Soigne. It was of little matter that the boat was ancient, the crew unreliable and that the command had been usurped. The ensemble alone counted.

As *Le Rhône* entered Barry harbor the crew watched the tangle of the docks emerge. It was a complicated world—a network of rails glittering in the sun like fugitive snakes, a forest of masts, gasometers and oil tanks



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above which floated a layer of smoke. The war had set its seal of monotony on everything; no trace of gleaming brass. The British warships lined up as though on parade, grey and lifeless, seeming like bars of lead.

They entered the inner harbor through a narrow bottleneck. Led by the tug, the *Le Rhône* veered slightly to port and came alongside opposite a fleet of tankers. As soon as the gangway had touched the ground some British officers came aboard. Their leader asked to speak to Lieutenant Costa.

Half an hour later, glass in hand, Costa was addressing his officers in the mess room.

"Gentlemen, the moment for joining Great Britain in this war has at last arrived. The full complement of the *Le Rhône* has been accepted by the Royal Navy. Each officer will shortly receive a commission and we shall continue the fight under the White Ensign."

There was great applause and glasses were raised. The impassive British visitors gave an approving smile.

"During the short lapse of time between your admission into the Royal Navy and your papers being in order," Costa went on, "you will all have to remain on board. Our Allies have asked us to observe the same strict discipline which is in force among themselves. Each ship which seeks refuge in a British port can harbor a spy in the pay of the Nazis. The security regulations are categorical—everyone is confined to the ship." The same evening Costa left for London with Johns, the liaison officer.

He returned three days later. A temporary office was installed opposite the engineers' mess for Johns, Commander Harley, O.C. of Barry harbor, and Costa. One by one the officers of the *Le Rhône* were asked to step in. When Passemontton was asked to adopt an English name, he hesitated.

"But why do you want me to change my name?"

Costa burst out laughing.

"I don't know if you're aware of it, Uncle, but you've already been condemned to death."

Vichy has issued a decree applicable to all those who did not comply with the armistice."

More consoling and with a trace of embarrassment in his voice, Johns confirmed the necessity.

"Captain, I fully understand your scruples, but if by some unlucky chance you were taken prisoner . . ."

Passemontton thought and at last found a name. In order not to break completely with the past he adopted the affectionate name used by his wife and himself in their letters: "*ton Doudet . . . mon Doudet.*" "Doudet," he said clumsily.

Before he left, he turned to Costa and asked, "And what name have you chosen?"

"Me? Langlais, obviously."

In a dark blue skirt and roll-necked sweater, Madeleine Guesclin sat at a table showing her legs.

"And Guesclin?" asked Costa. "Do you know what her name is now? Barclay. That's handy. By transposing the syllables it becomes Clébard, a mongrel bitch!"

**WHEN** it came to Soigne's turn he chose O'Leary; Bernard hesitated for a moment and Langlais baptized him Archibald. The other Belgian, Brinchant, became Peter O'Neill. Grillo, the ex-naval officer, Fontenay; Patte, the engineer, Rogers; Rinto, the gunner's mate, Lagrange; the third engineer, Patterson. . . . The ratings became Pearson, Patrick, Powell, Marsh, Brown . . .

The list was finally complete. It made Langlais captain of the ship with Doudet and O'Leary as his seconds in command. All the passengers of the *Le Rhône* were given a rank superior to that which they should by rights have held. Archibald and O'Neill were promoted to lieutenants, as was Fontenay, who, expecting to be treated better than O'Leary, could scarcely conceal his annoyance. Barclay became a Wren officer, the only woman in Great Britain to hold a commission in a warship.

"That's not all," Costa said when formal-



"The one on the right? Why do I always get stuck with the homely friend on blind dates?"

ties had been completed. "What are we going to call the ship?"

After forging the nationality of the *Le Rhône*, playing havoc with the officers' hierarchy, forcing his men to change their names, having on all counts appeared completely unfaithful to the letter to be faithful to the spirit, Costa invented his final paradox: "We'll call her *H.M.S. Fidelity*," he announced.

**W**HILE waiting for their official acceptance into the Royal Navy, the Frenchmen and Belgians were allowed to go ashore. On the 5th of September, Langlais took O'Leary to a small dance hall which reeked of tobacco and beer.

They sat down in front of a bottle of gin which Langlais had brought from the ship. The captain ordered glasses and seemed completely disinterested in everything. Suddenly he looked at his companion.

"Mortiss, now that you're my second in command you have a right to some explanations. There's no need for you to know everything and I've no intention of telling you the whole truth. As long as I produce a Costa you can accept and who suits myself, we should both be satisfied.

"I was born in Hanoi and completed my studies at the merchant navy school at Marseilles. I passed out as wireless officer. Is that O.K. with you?"

"Why not?" replied O'Leary, with a smile.

"On my return from Indo-China I became a spy for the Colonial Ministry. I went to India and Siam where I wandered through the country disguised as a Bonze with my begging bowl and a revolver within reach. I brought back photos of flora and fauna for the Museum and information for the Service about the Japanese preparations. I was paid for both on my return to Indo-China. There I met Guesclin. She had been living in poverty since her husband was assassinated in Somaliland by the Italians. I put her on her feet again and consoled her. It was all the more merit to me because I had a son of my own on my hands."

O'Leary raised his eyes as though this event intrigued him far more than the picturesque adventures which went before. Langlais seemed not to notice his surprise and went on:

"Yes, a son of my own, whom I wanted to make a man of. If we ever get out of this war alive we shall do great things together."

"And what are we going to do now?" O'Leary asked.

"We're going to do other great things together. There's only one real war every 25 years, and we're lucky enough to be the right age for it. Yes, we're going to have a crack. The British can't refuse me anything. I brought them back a package which they wanted like hell. Twenty-five pounds of explosive which the Boche would have given a great deal to get their hands on. It was all I had left after Las Palmas."

"What happened at Las Palmas?"

O'Leary's question was spontaneous. It had been in his head for so long that it sprang naturally to his lips. For once Langlais did not avoid the issue.

"In November 1939, 17 German cargo ships were blocked in the Canaries. The choice fell on the *Corrientes*, which had left Hamburg on the 14th of August—a fortnight before the declaration of war—and which was waiting at Las Palmas to be able to proceed to Santa

Fé. We had to blow it up discreetly, without causing any complications with the Spaniards. It was at this moment that I received my briefing to come aboard the *Le Rhône*. At the end of April we were on the spot after putting in at Agadir. The gay life . . . grub in the best hotels, peacetime what? I used to drink with the German officers and maintain that 'sailors have only one country—the sea.' We were invited on board. We got on magnificently. One of them was kind enough to show me the exact position of the *Corrientes* on the map of the harbor stuck up in the hall.

"But now we had to work out the coup. During the crossing I came to an arrangement with that swine Marais and with Patte. On the evening of the 8th of May the *Le Rhône* put to sea and left territorial waters. On the night of the 9th we put about and made for the harbor with our lights extinguished.

The launch was lowered and I embarked with Marais. The limpet mines were handed down to us. They were red half-globes filled with 'Plastic,' with a magnetic plate to attach them to the hull. The boys handled them as they would have handled Mae West's bra.

We took our bearings on the Las Palmas beacons to reach the outer harbor where the *Corrientes* was moored. As soon as we sighted the ship we dropped over the side . . . a midnight bath. Pushing our mines before us we swam toward the cargo vessel.

"The *Corrientes* was surrounded by lighters filled to the wales with coal. I slipped between them. I swam under water, coming up occasionally for air. When I got to the hull, I attached the limpet mines below the water line. Marais did the same. We pressed on the pencil detonators, set to explode two hours later. Mission accomplished, we swam back to the launch, climbed aboard the *Le Rhône* and left for Marseilles."

**T**HREE hours later the wail of the sirens rent the night. Archibald, who was one of the first on deck, saw Langlais appear; he was struggling into his clothes to have a look at the sight.

The siren wailed like a banshee. All the lights in the harbor had gone out as though by magic. The dark sky seemed to be a vast shell which amplified the wailing. Langlais came up to Archibald who was leaning over the rail looking up at the sky.

On an evening like this we shall take the *Fidelity* into Kiel harbor and blow everything up."

Even before the throb of the planes' engines could be heard, the first bombs fell on Barry.

On board the men were waiting for their papers to come through. The days passed monotonously and everyone was thoroughly bored. Langlais took rooms at the Hotel Gallia in town and appeared only occasionally, leaving all the responsibility of the ship to O'Leary.

Finally the long-awaited commission and warrant arrived. The *Fidelity* was chartered by the Admiralty dating from the 24th September, 1940, and posted to the Command of Western Approaches. The crew's enrollment dated from the 1st July, 1940, and they received three months back pay. It was a triumphant moment. Rank, money, issue of uniforms arrived just in time to revive the crew's enthusiasm.

Barclay soon appeared in her dark blue Wren's uniform with the three-cornered hat.

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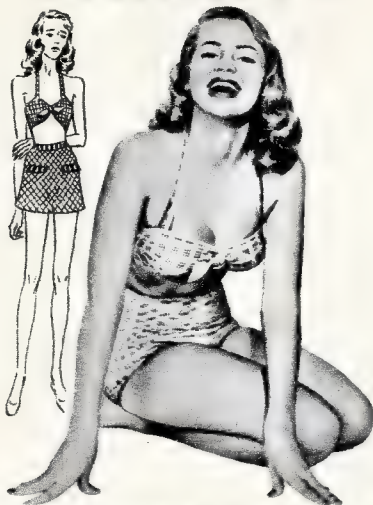
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Langlais, as soon as she appeared, said: "Boys, ask her to show you her underclothes. You'll see, they're extraordinary."

Doudet, thoroughly shocked, choked over his glass.

Langlais tapped him amicably on the shoulder.

"Don't go getting any ideas, Uncle; their drawers come down to their calves. The airmen call it 'blind flying'."

Toward the middle of January *H.M.S. Fidelity* with a full complement went into dry dock. The English filled all the cracks and caulked the leaks. They installed sleeping quarters on the spar deck, added several whalers to the two which already existed, erected a derrick to lower a heavy boat.

Finally, the carpenters erected huge mobile panels to modify the outer appearance of the vessel. Then, one by one, two 100mm and a 25mm were installed in the bows and one 100mm and two 75mm in the stern. Then in the waist came two 25mm guns and sixteen 7.5 machine-guns. The crew watched and wondered what was in store for them.

Then, one day Langlais assembled his officers.

"Gentlemen, in a few weeks we shall be putting to sea and we shall be in contact with the enemy. The whole crew is now to undergo intensive training in all branches. We are in British uniform on a British ship and in the future I shall be giving my commands to British sailors."

Each day a sergeant loaned by the Barry Garrison came to drill the men. Instruction was given in one of the hangars and the crew reported in relays. In addition to this military instruction, which always began with intensive calisthenics, the sailors were taught to shoot and to throw grenades.

O'LEARY was sent with Barclay for a sabotage course at a college somewhere in the North of London where commando officers and secret agents were trained. Rising at dawn, the men went for a run around the park, jumped fully clothed into a pool of icy water and warmed themselves up again later with a bout of armed combat. After breakfast the technical courses began—map reading, deciphering of codes, morse, dismantling of weapons, and the study of all types of explosives.

The afternoon was devoted to practice in the field. In turn the agents had to drive a locomotive, burn a house with phosphorus, throw a grenade, and climb up a railway embankment and place a charge—modelled in advance to the dimensions of the chink—between the rails. They were made to crawl on their elbows with their faces in the mud, under live machine-gun fire. They were made to attack an instructor who was waiting for their onslaught with a bayonet. They went to bed at night with aching limbs and weary muscles, unable to forget these brawls.

Barclay passed all her tests with fantastic calm. The smell of powder or hand-to-hand fighting with an open blade made her eyes glitter almost as though with desire. Soaking wet as she came out of the pool, her overalls sticking to her body, she ignored her sex—to be more exact, she had none. Before breakfast she usually put on dry jeans and she removed the others in front of O'Leary without shame. The water streamed from her shoulders and down her legs as she took of her trousers like a man. The Belgian, quite unmoved, waited for the moment when she

would become a woman—but this never occurred.

And yet, there was a certain gentleness in some of her attitudes: She curled up in an armchair to read, exactly as a young girl would have done. But the novel she held in her hands was a manual of radio-telegraphy. Did she love Langlais? Affecting a tone of banter, she spoke of embraces as of gymnastics and of immorality with a laboratory detachment.

Barclay was an expert with weapons. In the special cabin she perfected herself in rifle shooting. She trained in front of a mirror to keep her hands fixed in relation to the wrist and forearm glued to the body, the enemy's navel presumed to be in the prolongation of the barrel.

Langlais came to the camp one morning unannounced to fetch his officers.

"Twenty days on this course are enough," he said.

He took them to London for a night out.

The whole evening he was in an expansive mood, jesting with O'Leary, telling the latest mishaps on board and asking Barclay if she had slept with the instructor. "If you've done that, I shall challenge him to a duel," he said.

After dinner, contrary to his usual habits, Langlais decided to return to the hotel. O'Leary thought he was in a hurry to be alone with Barclay and left the couple without having a nightcap at the bar. In the middle of the night a violent knocking on the door woke him. It was Barclay in a night-dress, her hair tousled, her face bathed in tears, asking for his help.

"He's in a mad rage," she said to the Belgian, locking the door in terror. "He wants to kill me."

She stood there, disconsolate and trembling. "He thinks I want to get some information from him about the coup he's planning. He's suspicious of his own shadow."

O'Leary gave her his bed and slept on the couch, wondering what strange mission Langlais could have staged. When he awoke about eight o'clock Barclay had gone. He found her sitting with the captain at the breakfast table solidly tucking into eggs and bacon. They both appeared in excellent fettle.

Transformed from keel to truck the *Fidelity* returned to her berth in Barry Docks at the end of February. She was shortly to go on operations. Physically and morally the crew was ready. O'Leary had formed his commando team which included Barclay, Rogers, Ford, Ploëno, known as the "Monster," Ferguson and a dozen carefully chosen ratings. Having at last a renovated ship, powerfully armed and equipped with a crew which had acquired real military value, Langlais could look upon the future with optimism. A lot of water had flowed under the bridge in the last six months, since the day when, uncertain of his fate, Lieutenant Costa had waited for Johns at the top of the gangway of the ancient *Le Rhône*. With his brilliant promotion, which some considered rather scandalous, Langlais had entered the most exclusive world of all—the British wartime navy.

On the 11th of March, *H.M.S. Fidelity* left Barry for Liverpool. The great adventure had begun.

The *Fidelity* spent a few days in Liverpool before receiving orders to join a convoy which was forming at Greenock.

With the return of the fine weather and

the approaching action, the morale of the crew was very high. Langlais had inaugurated the British rhythm of life on board. Each night at dinner the traditional toast to the king was drunk.

Blaise, the steward, served the meals in black trousers, white jacket and bow tie. The brass shone and on the spotless white cloth there was a gleam of china and glass as in a luxury hotel. Throughout the day rum punch was at the disposal of the officers and the bar opened at 10:30. This gilded life lasted for a week. Langlais seemed intent upon showing the British how he could lay on a feast. He received aboard with great ceremony and supervised the menu. The *Fidelity's* British guests left with the comforting impression that they had rubbed shoulders with sailors who were prepared for anything, but were highly respectable.

The preparations drew to a close. Water and coal had been taken on and the holds were full of vegetables, meat and butter; ice blocks for the provisions and the officers' mess had been delivered. A Breton ketch had been added to the existing small craft.

The ketch conjured up ideas of a raid on some French Atlantic harbour. Speculation was rife in the ship.

**AT** this juncture 15 British Army officers arrived with their gear. Langlais gave orders for them to be put by twos and threes in the cabins available. They ate in the ward-room after the ship's officers had concluded the evening meal. There was no doubt about it; the hour of action was at hand.

The convoy sailed on Friday. There were 28 ships in the long file zigzagging toward the open sea. They were escorted by small warships which had already begun to weave around them like sheepdogs. It was cold; the sky was grey and a fine drizzle was falling.

The waves thundered against the hull. There was a tang of brine in the air and the old cargo boat leaped into the trough of the waves in a blaze of foam-flecked green.

The vessel's Tritonlike joy was communicated to the crew. They were on their way at last. Only the passengers remained unmoved by the wave of happiness that spread through the ship. Wrapped in their waterproofs, always together, always mysterious, they smoked their pipes sheltered from the wind.

"They're speaking Spanish," O'Neill reported as he returned from the stern.

"They're training," replied O'Leary.

Archie wondered what the men were training for, but as usual he decided to wait for the facts before making his judgment.

Gradually they assumed the rhythm of the convoy. The changes of course imposed by the threat of U-boats made them tack like a group of turbulent children in a gymnasium.

Off the Irish coast, three JU-88's appeared out of the thick cloud at low altitude. On all the ships, guns were blazing and the "Chicago pianos" were in action. The sea was soon pock-marked as though someone had shaken a sieve over a bath. The sky was dotted with black and white woolly balls. Indifferent to the cross-fire converging on them, the three birds dived to wave level. They pulled out at the last moment to leap over a cargo vessel which they raked with short bursts or straddled with clusters of bombs.

Suddenly they dived on the *Fidelity*. The strap of his steel helmet cutting into his chin, Archie gave his firing orders. On the

bridge, Langlais and Doudet watched the three attacking planes grow larger.

It seemed as though the aircraft would crash against the hull in their wave-top approach. Instinctively the men ducked. They heard the sharp crack of bullets on the plates and their exasperated whistle when they tore the wood of the rails . . . and the danger was past . . .

"A hit!" roared Archie.

He swivelled round on his firing seat as on a piano stool. Like a wounded gull, one of the Junkers had a plume of black smoke streaming from it. Its right wing seemed to dip into the spray. They followed its flight into the mist where it eventually crashed to its death.

A sudden calm fell over the sea. In the distance there were a few dull rumbles of guns and then silence. At this moment the first cargo vessel sank. An invisible hand blotted it from the horizon. Laden with ore, it sank like a stone.

"U-boats!" roared Langlais.

Now, the white tracks of the torpedoes betrayed their presence everywhere. Harassed and hard pressed, the convoy dispersed. One vessel was trying to escape its invisible attacker by flight. Abruptly an explosion made her keel over and she sank in a seething whirlpool. Others vanished into the mist. Tireless, the escort vessels waded into the attack, guided by the torpedo tracks. The *Fidelity* heard no more—either the dull rumble of depth charges which seemed to rise from the depth of the sea nor the hideous sound of ships being hit. She was alone, lost.

Driven four miles off her course to the west, she continued her changes of course which would take her in a southerly direction. Night fell and it was bitterly cold. The men on board confined their remarks to their duties.

The sailors were not afraid. It was not the danger which forced them into silence but respect for the inevitable. Besides, they were waiting for nightfall. Soon they would slip into the cover of darkness. Suddenly Fontenay shouted: "Over there! Look!"

It was difficult to see in the half-light. Bobbing in the water were men's heads. The speed of the ship made them appear to be floating against the tide. No arms waving. Perhaps the unhappy men, numbed by the cold sea, were conserving their last strength in order to survive. In a flash everyone was on the port side. The implacable law of the convoy demanded that they should pursue their course; they could not stop, not even to lower a boat. Wherever there was a shipwreck there was a U-boat. The men floating in the icy water, often wounded or badly burned, knew this well. They expected no help except from the rescue ship, that hospital nurse of the seas. But she too had been sunk.

**MOTIONLESS**, with ashen faces, the men stood there in silence, united as they had never been before. They stared into the distance at those black dots which they still seemed to see although they had disappeared from view.

The following day the *Fidelity* received her orders by radio and set course for Gibraltar.

Flying the White Ensign, the *Fidelity* proudly entered Gibraltar Harbour.

She was not to stay there long, however. As soon as she had landed her mysterious guests whom the crew had tagged as agents,



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the skipper ordered water, coal and provisions to be taken on; then he reported to the Admiralty. He came back out an hour later escorted by two strangers, each carrying a suitcase.

The three men made their way without a word down the main street which, at this time of day, lay inert in the sun. They seemed to be hastening to some appointment.

One of the passengers was a Maltese called Aromatic; the other was a Pole whose name no one ever discovered. They were installed in separate cabins and then, at about five o'clock, the captain gave orders to the engineer to light the boilers. The *Fidelity* put to sea at night with all navigation lights extinguished. It was the 24th of April, 1941.

Several nights later, the captain called O'Leary. Langlais' voice was serious. In the darkness his stocky frame was outlined against the greyish background of the passage. O'Leary followed him to the wardroom where Barclay was already seated.

"The show's for tonight," said the captain. "We're landing the two passengers on the southern coast of France and going a little farther along the coast to take aboard 15 specialist workers from the Skoda works."

The Belgian's eyes lit up. "Well at last," he said.

"The operation has to be rigorously timed," Langlais went on. "While I carry out the mission, you're in charge of the ship. If I don't return, you're to take the *Fidelity* back to Gib where you'll be given your orders."

O'Leary's face fell. "Won't I go with the landing?"

"No."

"But, captain, you can't carry out this operation yourself. If it fails, the *Fidelity* will be lost. You haven't the right to do it, Sir. What would happen if, by some unlucky chance, you failed to return aboard? Doudet would take possession of the ship again."

"Would you let him?"

"None of us are sailors and he knows that. You've only got to be away for a couple of

days before he thinks he's the master again and takes on the airs of a swashbuckler. You're the one who holds the threads of our fate in your hands. If you were to disappear everything would collapse."

Barclay interrupted: "You're right. If you leave the ship. Uncle's won the game."

Langlais hesitated. Then he shrugged his shoulders and said: "Good. Well, you'll go."

O'Leary chose his partners. First Rogers, and second Ploëno, known as the "Monster," an experienced fisherman and a competent mariner, and finally Ford and Ferguson. He sent for the four men and told them to be ready at midnight. A few minutes later the *Fidelity* stopped about two miles from the shore.

LANGLAIS left the radio post and rejoined O'Leary at the rail. Now that the engines were silent the water could be heard lapping gently against the hull. Opposite they could see the intermittent flashes of a lighthouse.

"You see that beam?" said Langlais. "That's Barcarès, south of the Etang de Leucate. You'll land Aromatic and his mate there. Take two bicycles for them with you in the launch. From there, you'll turn south and sail along the coast. You have to be in Collioure before sunrise. A man will be waiting for you at the end of the breakwater. He'll be wearing a red scarf. You'll ask him 'Which is the way to Montpellier?' and he will reply 'I don't know. I'm a stranger in these parts.' He will be the leader of the 15 fellows we have to take on board. You'll embark them and set course for the open sea. The *Fidelity* will be waiting for you two and a half miles off shore."

The launch was a heavy Breton ketch, an unusual sight in those waters, equipped with a 5 h.p. engine, a collapsible mast and lead weights as ballast. Two bicycles, a transmitting set, a few packages and a veritable arsenal were placed aboard. Langlais wanted his landing team to be in a position to defend itself in case of an unfortunate encounter.



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One after the other—Rogers, the “Monster,” Ferguson and Ford—climbed into the launch. O’Leary followed, accompanied by Aromatic and the Pole. The ropes were cast loose and the seven men left. Rogers was at the tiller.

It was moonlight and the boat leaped over the waves. Five hundred yards from the shore they switched off the engine, and the Monster and Ferguson caught hold of the oars. When they were close in, the rowers shipped their oars and the tang of the sea rose in the boat.

“Come on,” said O’Leary.

He was the first to slip into the water. It was black and cold. He felt it enter his shoes, soak his trousers and cover his belly. He found a foothold on sand.

“Get up on my shoulders,” he ordered Aromatic.

The agents could not be allowed to get wet. At sunrise they had to mingle with the population and the stains of sea water would betray them. Imitating his superior, Rogers took charge of the Pole.

**AS** soon as they were on dry land, their waterlogged shoes began to squelch. O’Leary and Rogers set out on a second trip. They carried the bicycles, radio and the bundles ashore. Then it was time to leave. They shook hands.

As the boat drew away, the silhouettes of the two agents were swallowed up in the darkness. Suddenly the men in the launch heard cries. Instinctively hands clutched weapons. It turned out that they had set the agents down on a small tongue of land surrounded by water. The agents were prisoners of the sea and the lake. In other circumstances they would merely have had to wade through a few yards of low stagnant water on the top of which white solidified foam floated. But their orders were clear. They had to reach the village without the slightest trace of their clandestine journey.

The boat put about.

Again O’Leary and Rogers had to make two trips to re-embark the agents and their material. When they were safely aboard, they rowed off to find a more hospitable spot on the coast. The maneuver was repeated. When the last load had been deposited on the bank, O’Leary and Rogers hurried back to the ship. Bicycles in hand, Aromatic and the Pole disappeared behind a bed of reeds.

“Make it snappy,” ordered O’Leary. “Get the engine going.”

At full speed the boat set out for Collioure, throwing up a wake of spray.

“We shall be at least two hours late.”

His face bathed in sweat, O’Leary cursed the bad luck which now forced the little team to carry out its mission in broad daylight. He was worried about the men who were waiting for them.

It was five o’clock in the morning when Ford announced curtly, “Collioure.”

O’Leary was looking for the figure of a man standing on the end of the breakwater, a man wearing a red scarf. He was there. A few turns of the screw and the boat was within hailing distance.

“The route for Montpellier,” roared O’Leary.

“I don’t know, I’m a stranger to these parts,” replied the man.

The words were uttered in a sing-song southern voice. “We thought you weren’t coming,” he said. “What happened to you?”

“Where are the others?” O’Leary asked.

“They’ve gone back to bed. I’ll go and fetch them.”

The men in the boat could not believe their ears. Armed to the teeth, nerves on edge, they had been prepared for a raid and had found at the meeting-place disappointed tourists who, when they did not arrive, had calmly gone back to bed. O’Leary was furious.

“I give you five minutes,” he roared. “If you’re not back in five minutes, we shall leave without you.”

It was now broad daylight. They circled a few cable lengths off shore for nearly twenty minutes.

On the quay were a few early morning strollers in rope-soled shoes. No one appeared to have the slightest interest in the boat, which, with its throttled engine, was circling in the middle of the roadstead.

O’Leary was growing impatient.

“What the hell are they up to? If they don’t turn up soon we shall have to leave.”

“Yes, let’s take a powder,” said Rogers.

The Monster began to accelerate the motor when a voice cried out: “What are you up to there?”

It was a Customs official who had come out of a small shop.

“We’re fishing,” cried O’Leary. Then, turning to the man at the helm, he ordered: “Full speed ahead.”

At that moment the man with the red scarf appeared on the breakwater with a dozen travellers carrying bundles. The Customs officer signalled the boat to come alongside.

“I want to see your papers.”

“Have we got time to take these lascars aboard?” O’Leary asked Rogers.

“No. Besides—look! They’re leaving again. It’s all off.”

“Do you take me for a fool?” shouted the irate Customs official. “Bring me your papers at once or I’ll telephone the police.”

“All right, all right. We’re coming,” said the Belgian, and then to his crew: “Let’s get out of here.”

The boat leaped toward the open sea. The fishermen on the jetty saw it pass below in a jet of spray. The mystified Customs official had run into the café to telephone. Meanwhile the man in the red scarf and his companions had disappeared. Clutching the stern, O’Leary watched the hill, the castle on the rock, the Miradoux fort and the operetta setting of the port disappear.

Suddenly Ferguson roared: “A launch . . .” Growing larger at every second it was bearing down on them.

“I told you—we’ve had it,” said the Monster.

**THE** enemy was upon them. In the bows of the launch they could see a man in a blue uniform with a rifle in his hand.

“That’s it,” said Rogers. “They’re going to tow us into port.”

O’Leary was thinking hard.

They were caught. The important thing now was to hide the presence of the mother ship.

O’Leary caught the ropes thrown to him from the other boat.

“Take us back to the shore,” he said.

In the boat, consternation reigned.

“They’ll fling us in jail.”

“Worse than that—they’ll hand us over to the Boches.”

O’Leary told them his plan.

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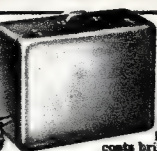
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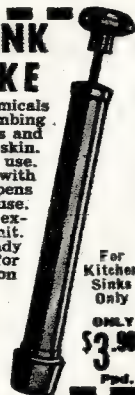
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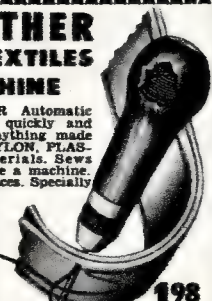
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French prisoners of war who have escaped  
from Germany and were trying to join de  
Gaulle. We stole this boat to try and reach  
Spain."

Towed by the launch, they sped over the  
water. Ferguson and the Monster took up  
positions well in view in the bows, and stood  
up despite the violence of the wind. Under  
cover of their bodies, the three others began  
to get rid of the weapons. A little later Ford  
identified the houses of Port-Vendres. The  
five seamen were naked and defenseless. In  
a few minutes they would know what awaited  
them.

The prisoners were taken to Naval Head-  
quarters and shown into a captain's office.  
It was a damp, cold room covered with  
Vichy Government propaganda posters. Drip-  
ping with water like six cloths taken out of  
a wash basin, the sailors sat down in front  
of the officer.

"Well, gentlemen," he asked, "why did  
you not reply when the Customs Officer  
hailed you?"

"We were trying to escape," O'Leary said  
firmly.

"Where were you going to?"

"To Spain and from there to England." In  
his heart O'Leary hoped that by styling  
himself a de Gaullist he would be understood  
and perhaps even be given a little latitude.  
He described himself as the head of a small  
group of escaped prisoners of war who were  
trying to put themselves once and for all out  
of reach of the Germans. The captain lis-  
tened to him without interruption. He even  
brought out a packet of cigarettes and  
handed them round to his visitors.

"You run no risk here," he said. "We're in  
the unoccupied zone. The occupation authori-  
ties have no say here."

"I know," replied O'Leary, "but we pre-  
ferred to go a bit farther afield."

The captain shrugged his shoulders.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I think that's  
cleared up everything. I can't do anything for  
you. I myself am a Lorrainer and I under-  
stand your feelings. But we have signed an  
armistice and it is my duty as an officer to  
respect the terms of it. Much to my regret, I  
shall have to arrest you."

On the bridge of the *Fidelity*, Langlais was  
roaring like a caged animal. "They've mur-  
dered them or else they would be here."

Towards midday it was obvious that the  
expedition had been a failure, and the skipper  
reluctantly gave orders to sail for Gibraltar.  
Everyone on board was silent. It was a  
gloomy meal; there were too many empty  
seats. Pushing back his plate, Langlais re-  
tired to the wireless cabin where Rogers no  
longer received messages. An hour later he  
came out and saw Barclay sorting the be-  
longings of O'Leary, Rogers, Ferguson, Ford  
and Ploëno. She had spread them out brazen-  
ly on the wardroom table.

"What the hell are you doing with that?"  
There was a snarl in his voice and his hand  
was raised to strike.

She turned her tigress' eyes on him.

"We agreed that our belongings should be  
divided 12 hours after our disappearance. I'm  
keeping my word."

She was almost beautiful with the sun  
turning her hair to flame. Langlais did not  
have the heart to smash his fist into her face.

"Bitch!" he shouted. He rushed from the

wardroom, slamming the door behind him.

The mission on the French coast had re-  
sulted in a partial set-back. They had landed  
two agents who, according to Langlais, had  
later established contact with the intelligence  
service and were doing good work in France.  
But the Collioure affair had stressed the  
hazardous character of similar operations.  
Moreover, they did not seem justified when  
one compared the results obtained with the  
means engaged; in order to land a dozen  
men it was pointless to use a ship like *H.M.S.  
Fidelity*.

This obvious lack of proportion, which  
Langlais did not seek to justify, made things  
look bleak for the future. Mystery, which  
had once been Langlais' trump card, had  
boomeranged.

Now that O'Leary was no longer there,  
Langlais had to look for other support. At  
first he apparently thought of Doudet. On  
the pretext of duty he often sent him to Lon-  
don. A room was reserved for him at the  
Mayfair and on his arrival Uncle found girls  
of easy morals ready to look after him. Fear-  
ing that the old salt would be indiscreet,  
Langlais had called upon women in the  
Secret Service. Doudet did not seem to  
realize the organized nature of his good for-  
tune and returned from London with a store  
of stories in which he always played the  
leading role.

**THE** Corsican had usurped Doudet's com-  
mand and his behaviour had been scandalous.  
Possibly Doudet had made up his mind to  
turn a blind eye, since there was nothing else  
he could do. Having little respect for his  
usurper, he at least accepted the material  
rewards which his painful situation obtained  
for him.

Barclay's thoughts seemed to run along the  
same lines. Intelligent and avaricious, she  
was bound to have seen through Langlais'  
game. Since the captain of the *Fidelity* was  
handling Doudet with kid gloves it meant  
that he needed him; moreover, in all prob-  
ability he also needed her. From there to  
conclude that she could obtain her share was  
an easy step for a clear-thinking feminine  
brain.

On the least occasion she demanded pres-  
ents. She also knew how to make Langlais  
pay for the services she rendered him by  
keeping an eye open to everything on board.

The Corsican still treated her with pos-  
sessive passion. One morning a British sailor  
forgot to salute the girl as she crossed the  
quay on her way to the ship. Langlais was  
on deck. He leaped ashore, flung himself on  
the sailor and struck him violently.

Although assured of Doudet and Barclay,  
Langlais had not yet replaced O'Leary. He  
must have hesitated a long time before  
choosing Fontenay. A different approach was  
necessary in his case. A very courageous regu-  
lar officer, better educated than most of his  
shipmates, Fontenay admired his captain's  
patriotism but did not appreciate his be-  
haviour. Certain of Langlais' eccentricities—  
the re-establishment of summary justice, the  
introduction of a bodyguard consisting of  
Daladier and Mamadou, the unorthodox  
presence of Barclay—shocked him as a pro-  
fessional sailor and as a man of honour.

Langlais put out some feelers. He told  
Fontenay that he had failed to pass his naval  
examinations. Was it true? It is of little im-  
portance. Fontenay had sat for them. Thus a  
first bond was forged between the two men.

Then Langlais admitted the existence of his Indo-Chinese son. Fontenay confessed that before he left Paris he had given his mistress a child. They exchanged photographs of their sons. Langlais had won the game.

Having made sure of his "two sailors," Langlais flattered the crew by a series of spectacular gestures. Luck was on his side. Archie's servant, an ex-professional boxer, had beaten up a couple of British policemen in a brawl. He was arrested and sentenced to pay a fine of £4. Langlais paid it for him.

But Langlais surpassed himself in the case of "Piti Lapin," a young prostitute he had met in London. After making a deal with her, Langlais assembled his crew.

"Men," he said, "in the future when you go to London, there'll be someone waiting for you. I've laid on a whore for you. Try and do honour to your ship."

The crew had expected something else. Langlais had promised them action and they had been languishing in harbour for weeks. Finally, at the beginning of July, Langlais returned from London wreathed in smiles.

"Gentlemen," he said to the officers, "we shall be leaving soon. This time it will be on a big mission with commandos, heavy weapons and air support." But again they were disappointed. Their next two missions were minor sallies to ferry agents to and from France.

But at the beginning of November the *Fidelity* was sent to Portsmouth to be completely refitted once more. She was given twin gun turrets with 100mm automatics, four Oerlikons, four torpedo tubes, an asdic, an E-boat with two tubes, a radar apparatus, a large stock of depth charges and two Kingfishers for reconnaissance. This display of strength reassured the crew who had been afraid of finding themselves on an ack-ack ship defending some British port.

The sleeping accommodation on the spar deck now housed 150 commandos. Their presence meant that departure was imminent. Langlais assembled his officers in the wardroom.

"Gentlemen," he said, "some of you may have thought that you were wrong to throw in your lot with me. Some of you have wondered if your fate was in the right hands. Today I can reassure these doubting Thomases. They no longer need worry about their future. They have none."

He paused to see the effect of his words. "I have no right to reveal to you the mission we are going to carry out, but I can promise you we shall not return. On this note, gentlemen, you have three days to go on a spree."

Fontenay summed up the general impression.

"Although we know he always exaggerates, he's got something."

Barclay looked upon the preparations with indifference. This noise of footsteps between decks, the foolish laughter of a crowd of men, the odour of bodies, sweating through the canvas of hammocks, obviously disgusted her. The commando boys were intruders. They had come on board to disturb her habits and her feminine possessive instinct was offended. She imagined the jokes they would be exchanging, coarse as the jokes of boys always are when they are in danger.

"One girl among 150. It won't give us long each."

Why did she remain on board? If we can believe certain people, she could easily have

got her discharge because she was tubercular. Some maintained that she was crazy about Langlais. Others doubted eventually that she was even the captain's mistress. No one could boast that he had ever seen her leave the captain's quarters during the night. During eighteen months of communal life no one knew of any intrigue. Self-interest did not explain everything. Barclay knew that if she left for reasons of health, Langlais would continue to give her money. Nor can one say that she under-estimated the dangers she ran in the *Fidelity*. Her gilded cage was open and she had every reason to fly away.

One day Archie visited Barclay in her cabin. She was smoking a cigarette in her bunk.

"Hullo, Archie!"

She pointed to the place beside her on the bunk, near her head.

"Sit down."

From this position, Archibald could look down at Barclay's face; her eyes stared at the ceiling.

"Yes," said the girl wearily. "It's the big departure."

"Can one know where to?"

"To Indo-China. Langlais has persuaded the British to send a commando of 150 men there."

**T**HEN she went on in the same expressionless voice: "Langlais's a madman. He believes in his own words and he succumbs to his own charm. He's convinced that he'll always get away with it. He thinks that we shan't return from this mission, but he is certain of success. But I *know* that we shan't return . . ."

She fidgeted in the bunk and Archibald felt her head against his leg.

"Why are you going, then?" he asked.

She pursed her lips to light her cigarette and Archie gave her a light.

"I have always left with him," she replied.

At dawn one day just before the ship left, Langlais fell-in his commandos. Without giving them any explanation he put them in the train for London. When he reached the spot in the capital where he used to leave O'Leary in the old days, he ordered the O.C. detachment to march off.

The commando officer did not see him slip into a doorway, gallop up the stairs and ring impatiently at an export-import office. A few minutes later the captain of the *Fidelity* was in Johns' office. He dragged the liaison man to the window and parted the curtains slightly.

"Look at them," he said to his bewildered companion. "Take a good look at them. You'll never have a chance to do so again . . ."

The *Fidelity* disappeared with all hands. Langlais was right. **END**

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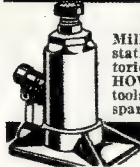
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## calling all men

### Innocent Crew-Cut

To the Editor:

It's not that MEN is the only magazine that makes the error, but it's the only magazine that I care enough about to write in and complain.

I'm talking about the practice of shoveling all the glory of a ship's record in battle on the chest of one man—usually the skipper—and completely forgetting the part played by the rest of the crew.

The last time you did it was in the article, *The Sub That Sank A Fleet*, by Gene Channing (June, 1958). Every other word is Lt. Commander Richard O'Kane—O'Kane did this, O'Kane did that, etc. The other men on board are referred to as the soundman, the radioman, a seaman, etc.

Don't you think any ship's record is the result of the work and the bravery of all of its men? And if you do, why don't you mention their names?

Ralph Thurman  
Norfolk, Va.

► We agree with Mr. Thurman. So much so that the majority of our war stories are about the bravery of individual officers and men. Sometimes, however, as in the case of the U.S.S. *Tang*, the story is best told through the personality of the skipper, in this instance, Lt. Commander (now Admiral) Dick O'Kane; there isn't room enough to mention each member of the crew by name. But this doesn't mean that we intended to belittle any of the work, dedication or bravery of the crew of that famous ship.

### Great Scott

To the Editor:

I have just finished reading an article in the June issue of MEN, *Queen of the Legion's Deserters*, and as I read it I felt that the author, James Christopher, not only did an excellent job of telling the story of Frank Jayne, but he gave us one of the few first-hand accounts of the Algerian-French conflict that had any human feeling. Too often newspapers write up a war in

terms of casualty figures—Christopher gave us an insight into the rebels themselves, their beliefs as well as their prejudices. I, for one, feel that I know a great deal more now, after reading your article, about that unfortunate war.

Mervin Scott  
Kenosha, Wisc.

### We Laugh, We Pay

To the Editor:

I've always wanted to send in jokes for your "the laughing place," but I didn't know whether they must be original or not. Can I retell ones that I've heard from somebody else, or read somewhere?

Timothy Little  
Houston, Texas

► Any joke, no matter where you heard it—you should read some of the ones we get—is eligible for immortality in "the laughing place."

### On Quacks & Phonies

To the Editor:

I can't make up my mind whether you did a service or a disservice by publishing *The Love Couch Impostor* (by Jaediker and Albelli, MEN, July, 1958). Although there are plenty of fakes who palm themselves off as psychoanalysts, some states now have laws dealing with such phonies. On the other hand, don't you think you might have scared off quite a few people who would ordinarily consult a bona fide psychoanalyst?

Allan Baker  
Pullman, Wash.

► We hope we did a service, for that was our intention. Though New York State—where Doc Jones performed his many swindles—now has laws against quack psychiatrists, most states do not. If any of our readers have any doubts about a particular psychoanalyst, we suggest he contact his local Mental Health Assn.



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I guarantee to show you how to add twice as much muscle — triple your power — gain more weight twice as fast through my system of training than you could through any other method, and **IN HALF THE TIME**. I challenge any other physical instructor in the world who teaches through the mails, to accept my challenge!

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  - ☐ Heating
  - ☐ Interior Decoration
  - ☐ Painting Contractor
  - ☐ Plumbing
  - ☐ Reading Arch. Blueprints
- ART**
- ☐ Commercial Art
  - ☐ Magazine & Book Illus.
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  - ☐ Sketching and Painting
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  - ☐ Professional Engineer (Chem)
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  - ☐ Highway Engineering
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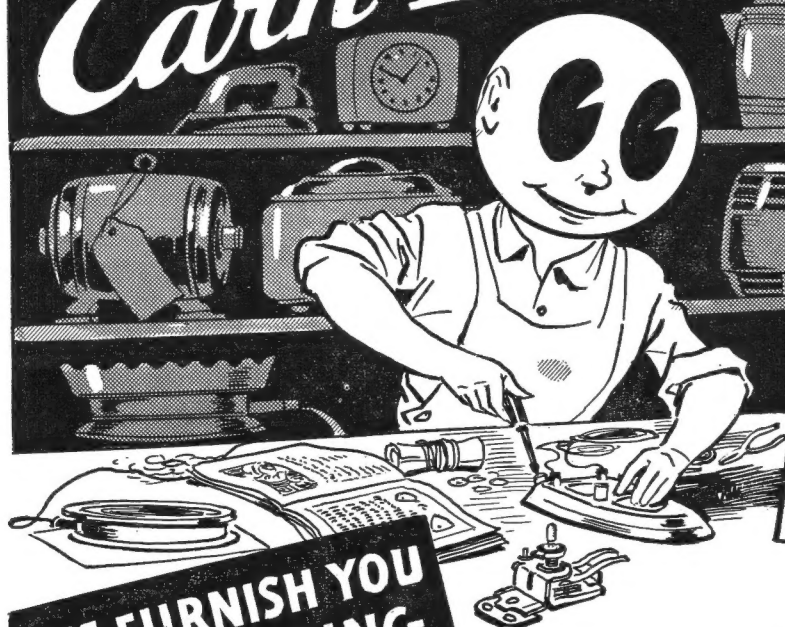
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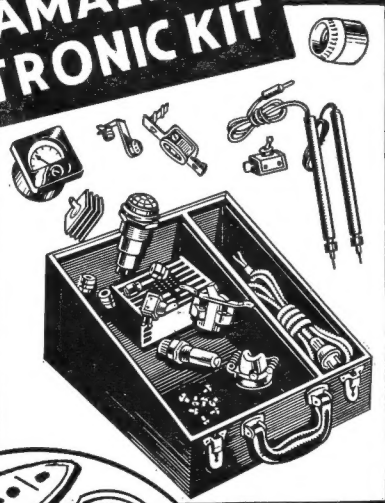
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